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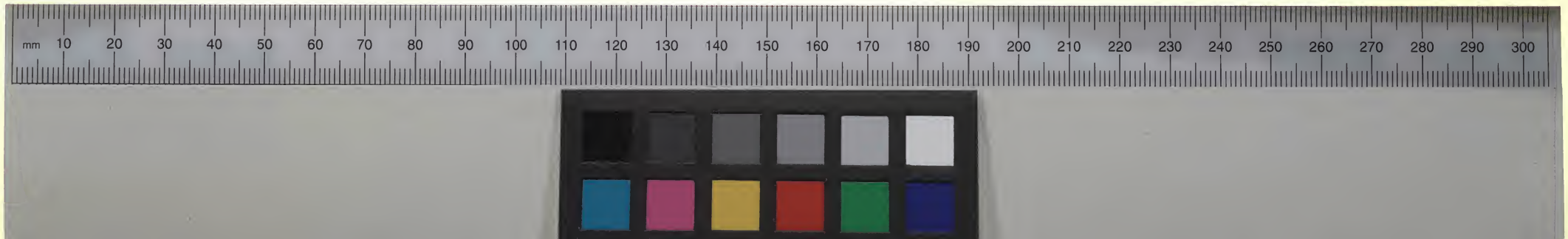
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THE True Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the ſixt:

VVith the whole contention betweene the two Houſes, Lancaſter and Yorke; as it was ſundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his ſeruantes.

George Steevens.

Printed at Londou by *W.W.* for *Thomas Millington*, and are to be ſold at his ſhoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornewall.
1600.

This is only the third part of K. Henry VI.
The second part, according to Pope, was
likewise printed in 1600, by W. W. for
Tho. Millington.
MALONE.

THE TRVE TRAGEDIE
OF RICHARD DVKE OF YORKE,
AND THE GOOD KING
HENRIE THE SIXT.

Enter Richarde *Duke of Yorke, The Earle of* Warwicke, *The Duke of* Norffolke, Marquis Montague, Edward *Earle of March,* Crookeback Richard, *& the young Earle of* Rutland, *with Drumme and Souldiers, with white Roses in their hattes.*

Warwicke.

I Wonder how the King eſcapt our handes?
Yorke. Whilſt we purſude the Horſemen of the North,
He ſlily ſtole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whoſe warlike eares could neuer brooke retrait,
Chargde our maine Battels front, and therewith him
Lord *Stafford* and Lord *Clifford* all abreſt
Brake in, & were by the hands of common Souldiers ſlaine.
Edw. Lord *Staffords* father, Duke of *Buckingham,*
Is either ſlaine, or wounded dangerouſly;
I cleft his Beuer with a downe right blow:
Father that this is true, behold his bloud.
Mont. And brother, heeres the Earle of *Wiltſhires* blood,
Whom I incountred as the Battailes ioynd.
Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.
York. What, is your grace dead my L. of *Somerſet?*
Norf. Such hope haue all the line of *Iohn* of *Gaunt.*
Rich. Thus doe I hope to ſhape King *Henries* head,
War. And ſo do I victorious Prince of Yorke,
Before I ſee thee ſeated in that throne,
Which now the houſe of *Lancaſter* vſurpes,

I vow by heauens these eies shall neuer close.
This is the Pallace of that fearfull king,
And that the regall chaire; Possesse it Yorke:
For this is thine, and not king *Henries* heires.
York. Assist me then sweet *VVarwicke*, and I will:
For hither are we broken in by force.
Norff. Weele all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks gentle *Norffolke*. Staie by me my Lords:
and souldiers staie you heere and lodge this night:
VVar. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Vnlesse he seeke to put vs out by force.
Rich. Armde as we be, lets staie within this house?
VVar. The bloudie parlement shall this be calde:
Vnlesse *Plantagenet* Duke of Yorke be king,
And bashfull *Henrie* be deposde, whose cowardise
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.
Yor. Then leaue me not my Lords, for now I meane
To take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor him that loues him best,
The proudest bird that holds vp *Lancaster*,
Dares stirre a wing, if *Warwicke* shake his bels.
Ile plant *Plantagenet*: and roote him out who dares?
Resolue thee *Richard*: Claime the English crowne.

Enter King Henrie the sixt, with the Duke of Exceter, The Earle of Northumberland, The Earle of Westmerland, and Clifford, the Earle of Cumberland, with red Roses in their hats.

King. Looke Lordings where the sturdy rebel sits,
Euen in the chaire of state: belike he meanes
Backt by the power of *Warwicke* that false peere,
To aspire vnto the crowne, and raigne as king.
Earle of *Northumberland*, he slew thy Father:
And thine *Clifford*: and you both haue vow'd reuenge,
On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.
Northu. And if I be not, heauens be reuengd on me.
Clif. The hope thereof makes *Clifford* mourne in steele.
West. What? shall we suffer this? lets pull him downe,
My heart for anger breakes, I cannot speake.

King.

King. Be patient gentle Earle of *Westmerland*.
Clif. Patience is for pultrouns such as he,
He durst not sit there, had your father liu'd?
My gratious Lord: heere in the Parlement,
Let vs assaile the familie of Yorke.
North. Well hast thou spoken cousen, be it so.
King. O know you not the Cittie fauours them,
And they haue troopes of souldiers at their becke?
Exet. But when the D. is slaine, theile quickly flie.
King. Farre be it from the thoughtes of *Henries* heart,
To make a shambles of the parlement house.
Cosen of *Exeter*, words, frownes, and threats,
Shall be the warres that Henrie meanes to vse.
Thou factious duke of Yorke, descend my throne,
I am thy Soueraigne.
Yor. Thou art deceiu'd: I am thine.
Exet. For shame come downe, he made thee D. of *Yorke*.
Yor. T was mine inheritance as the kingdom is.
Exet. Thy father was a traitour to the crowne.
War. *Exeter* thou art a traitour to the crowne,
In following this vsurping *Henrie*.
Clif. Whom should he followe but his naturall King?
VVar. True *Clif*, and that is *Richard* duke of Yorke.
King. And shall I stand while thou sitst in my throne?
Yor. Content thy selfe, it must, and shall be so.
VVar. Be duke of *Lancaster*, let him be King.
VVest. Why? he is both King and D. of *Lancaster*,
And that the Earle of *VVestmerland* shall maintaine.
VVar. And *VVarwicke* shall disproue it. You forget
That we are those that chaste you from the field,
And slew your father, and with colours spred
Marcht through the Cittie to the pallace gates.
Nor. No *VVarwicke* I remember it to my greife,
And by his soule, thou and thy house shall rue it.
West. *Plantagenet*, of thee and of thy sonnes,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, Ile haue more liues,
Then drops of bloud were in my fathers vaines.
Clif. Vrge it no more, least in reuenge thereof,

I ſend thee *Warwicke* ſuch a meſſenger,
As ſhall reuenge his death before I ſtirre.
War. Poore *Clifford* how I ſcorne thy worthleſſe threats.
Yor. Will ye we ſhewe our title to the Crowne,
Or els our ſwordes ſhall plead it in the field?
King. What title haſt thou traitour to the Crowne?
Thy father was as thou art, Duke of *Yorke*,
Thy grandfather *Roger Mortimer* Earle of *March*.
I am the ſonne of Henrie the fift, who tamde the *French*,
And made the Dolphin ſtoupe, and ſeazd vpon their
Townes and prouinces.
War. Talke not of *Fraunce* ſince thou haſt loſt it all.
King. The Lord protectour loſt it and not I,
When I was crownd, I was but nine months olde,
Rich. You are old enough now & yet me thinkes you loſe,
Father teare the Crowne from the Vſurpers head.
Edw. Do ſo ſweet father, ſet it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, as thou lou'ſt and honourſt armes,
Lets fight it out and not ſtand cauilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, & the King will flie.
Yor. Peace ſonnes.
Nor. Peace thou, and giue King *Henrie* leaue to ſpeake.
King. Ah *Plantagenet*, why ſeekeſt thou to depoſe me?
Are we not both *Plantagenets* by birth,
And from two brothers lineally diſcent?
Suppoſe by right and equitie thou be King,
Thinkſt thou that I will leaue my Kingly ſeate
Wherin my father and my grandſire ſate?
No, firſt ſhall warre vnpeople this my realme,
I, and our colours often borne in *Fraunce*,
And now in *England* to our heartes great ſorrow
Shall be my winding ſheete: why faint you Lords?
My title's better farre then his.
War. Proue it *Henrie*, and thou ſhalt be King.
King. Why, *Henrie* the fourth by conqueſt got the crowne
Yor. Twas by rebellion gainſt his Soueraigne.
King. I know not what to ſay, my title's weake.
Tell me, may not a King adopt an heire?

VVar.

War. What then?
King. Then am I lawfull King, for *Richard*
The ſecond, in the view of many Lords,
Reſignde the Crowne to *Henerie* the fourth,
Whoſe heire my father was, and I am his.
Yor. I tell thee he roſe againſt him, being his Soneraigue,
And made him to reſigne the Crowne perforce.
VVar. Suppoſe my Lord he did it vnconſtrainde,
Thinke you that were preiudiciall to the Crowne?
Exet. No, for he could not ſo reſigne the Crowne,
But that the next heire muſt ſucceed and raigne.
King. Art thou againſt vs, Duke of *Exeter*?
Exet. His is the right, and therfore pardon me.
King. All will reuolt from me and turne to him.
Nor. Plantagenet, for all the claime thou layeſt,
Thinke not king *Henrie* ſhall be thus depoſde.
VVar. Depoſde he ſhall be in deſpight of thee.
Nor. Tuſh *Warwicke*, thou art deceiued: tis not thy
Southerne powers of *Eſſex*, *Suffolke*, *Norffolke*, and of *Kent*,
That makes thee thus preſumptuous and proud,
Can ſet the Duke vp in deſpight of me.
Clif King *Henrie* be thy title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence.
May that ground gape and ſwallow me aliue,
Where I do kneele to him that ſlew my father,
King. O *Clifford*, how thy words reuiue my ſoule.
Yor. *Henrie* of *Lancaſter* reſigne thy crowne.
What mutter you, or what conſpire you Lords?
War. Do right vnto this princely Duke of *Yorke*,
Or I will fill the houſe with armed men,
Enter Souldiers.
And ouer the Chaire of ſtate where now he ſits,
Write vp his title with thy vſurping bloud.
King. O *Warwicke*, heare me ſpeake,
Let me but raigne in quiet whilſt I liue.
Yor. Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine heires,
And thou ſhalt raigne in quiet whilſt thou liu'ſt.
King. Conuaie the Souldiers hence, and then I will.

Warr. Captaine, conduct them into *Tuthill* fields.
Clif. What wrong is this vnto the Prince your Sonne?
Warr. What good is this for England and himselfe?
Northum. Base, fearefull, and despairing *Henry*.
Clif. How hast thou wronged both thy selfe and vs?
West. I cannot stay to heare these Articles. *Exit.*
Clif. Nor I: Come, cosen lets go tell the Queene.
Northum. Be thou a praie vnto the house of *Yorke*,
And die in bands for this vnkingly deed. *Exit.*
Clif. In dreadfull warre maist thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandond and despisde. *Exit*
Exet. They seeke reuenge, & therfore will not yeeld my L.
King. Ah *Exceter?*
Warr. Why should you sigh my Lord?
King. Not for my selfe Lord *Warwicke*, but my Sonne,
Whom I vnnaturally shall disinherite.
But be it as it may: I heere intaile the Crowne
To thee and to thine heires, conditionally,
That heere thou take thine oath, to cease these ciuill broiles,
And whilst I liue, to honour me as thy King & Soueraigne.
Yor. That oath I willingly take and will performe.
Warr. Long liue King *Henry: Plantagenet* embrace him.
King. And long liue thou and all thy forward sonnes.
Yor. Now *Yorke* and *Lancaster* are reconcilde.
Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes,

Souud Trumpets.

Yor. My Lord Ile take my leaue, for ile to *Wakefield*
To my castell. *Exit Yorke*, and his sonnes.
War. And Ile keepe *London* with my Souldiers. *Exit.*
Norf. And Ile to Norfolke with my followers. *Exit.*
Mont. And I to sea from whence I came. *Exit.*

Enter the Queene and the Prince.

Exet. My Lord, heere comes the Queene, Ile steale away.
King. And so will I.
Queene. Nay staie, or else I follow thee.
King. Be patient gentle Queene, and then Ile staie.
Queene. What patience can there be? ah timerous man,
Thou hast vndoone thy selfe, thy sonne, and me,

And

And giuen ouer rightes vnto the house of *Yorke*.
Art thou a King, and wilt be forst to yeelde?
Had I been there, the Souldiers should haue tost
Me on their Launces poyntes, before I would haue
Graunted to their willes. The Duke is made
Protector of the Land: Sterne *Faulconbridge*
Commaundes the narrow Seas. And thinkst thou then
To sleepe secure? I heere diuorce mee *Henry*
From thy bed, vntill that Act of Parlement
Be recalde, wherein thou yeeldest to the house of *Yorke*.
The Northen Lordes that haue forsworne thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spred,
And spread they shall, vnto thy deepe disgrace.
Come Sonne, lets away, and leaue them heere alone.
King. Stay gentle *Margaret*, and heare me speake.
Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already, therfore be still.
King. Gentle sonne *Edward*, wilt thou stay with me? *Exit.*
Quee. I, to be murdred by his enemies.
Prin. When I returne with victorie from the fielde, *Exit.*
Ile see your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.
King. Poore Queene, her loue to me, & to the Prince her sonne,
Makes her in furie thus forget her selfe.
Reuenged may she be on that accursed Duke.
Come cosen of *Exeter*, stay thou heere,
For *Clifford* and those Northen Lordes be gone
I feare towardes *Wakefielde*, to disturbe the Duke.

Enter Edward, and Richard, and Montague.

Edw. Brother, and cosen *Montague*, giue me leaue to speake.
Rich. Nay, I can better play the Orator.
Mont. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Yor. How now sonnes? what at a iarre amongst your selues?
Rich. No father, but a sweete contention, about that which
concernes your selfe and vs; The Crowne of England father.
York. The Crowne boy? Why *Henries* yet aliue,
And I haue sworne that he shal raigne in quiet till his death.

Edw. But I would breake an hundred oathes to raigne one yeare.
Rich. And if it pleáse your grace to giue me leaue,
Ile shew your grace the way to saue your oath.
And dispossesse king *Henry* from the Crowne.
Yor. I prethee *Dick* let me heare thy deuise.
Rich. Then thus my Lord. An oath is of no moment
Being not sworne before a lawfull Magistrate:
Henrie is none, but doth vsurpe your right,
And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath.
Then noble father resolue your selfe,
And once more claime the Crowne,
Yor. I, saiest thou so boy? why then it shall be so,
I am resolued to win the crowne or die.
Edward, thou shalt to *Edmond Brooke* Lord *Cobham*,
With whom the *Kentishmen* will willingly rise:
Thou cosen *Montague*, shalt to *Norfolke* straight,
And bid the Duke to muster vp his souldiers,
And come to me to *Wakefield* presently.
And *Richard*, thou to *London* straight shalt poast,
And bid *Richard Neuill* Earle of *Warwicke*
To leaue the Citte; and with his men of war,
To meet me at saint *Albons*, ten daies hence.
My selfe heere in *Sandall* castle will prouide
Both men and money to further our attempts.
Now what newes? *Enter a Messenger.*
Mes. My Lord, the *Queene* with thirtie thowsand men,
Accompanied with the Earles of *Cumberland*,
Northumberland, and *Westmerland*, and others of the
House of *Lancaster*, are marching towards *Wakefield*,
To besiedge you in your Castle heere.

Enter Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer,

Yorke. A Gods name let them come. Cousen *Montague* poast you hence: and boies, stay you with me.

Sir *John* and Sir *Hugh Mortimers* mine vncles,
Y'are welcome to *Sandall* in an happy houre,
The armie of the Queene means to besiedge vs.

Sir

Sir John. She shal not need my Lord, weele meet her in the field.
Yor. What with fiue thousand souldiers vncle?
Rich. I father, with fiue hundred for a need,
A woman's generall, what should you feare?
Yor. Indeed many braue battailes haue I won
In *Normandy*, when as the enemie
Hath bin ten to one: and why should I now doubt
Of the like successe? I am resolu'd. Come lets go.
Edw. Lets martch away, I heare their drums. *Exeunt*

Alarmes, and then enter the young Earle of Rutland, and his Tutor.

Tutor. Oh flie my Lord, lets leaue the Castle,
And flie to *Wakefield* straight.

Enter Clifford.

Rut. O Tutor looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.
Clif. Chaplin awaie, thy priesthood saues thy life,
As for the brat of that accursed Duke
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.
Tutor. Oh *Clifford* spare this tender Lord, least heauen
Reuenge it on thy head: Oh saue his life.
Clif. Souldiers awaie, and drag him hence perforce:
Awaie with the villaine. *Exit* the Chaplin.
How now, what dead already? or is it feare that
Makes him close his eies? Ile open them.
Rut. So lookes the pent vp Lion on the lambe,
And so he walkes insulting ouer his praie.
And so he turnes againe to rend his limbes in sunder:
Oh *Clifford*, kill me with thy sword, and
Not with such a cruell threatning looke.
I am too meane a subiect for thy wrath,
Be thou reuengd on men and let me liue.
Clif. In vaine thou speakest poore boy: my fathers blood,
Hath stopt the passage where thy words should enter.
Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it againe,
He is a man and *Clifford*, cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy Brethren heere, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge sufficient for me,

Or ſhould I dig vp thy forefathers graues,
And hang their rotten coffins vp in chaines,
It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my heart.
The ſight of any of the houſe of *Yorke*,
Is as a furie to torment my ſoule.
Therfore till I roote out that curſed line,
And leaue not one on earth, Ile liue in hell therfore.
Rut. O let me pray, before I take my death,
To thee I praie, ſweet *Clifford* pittie me.
Clif. I ſuch pittie as my rapiers point affoardes.
Rut. I neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill me?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But twas ere I was borne:
Thou haſt one ſonne, for his ſake pittie me,
Leaſt in reuenge thereof, ſith God is iuſt,
He be as miſerablie ſlaine as I.
Oh, let me liue in priſon all my daies,
And when I giue occaſion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou haſt no cauſe.
Clif. No cauſe? Thy Father ſlew my father, therefore die.
Plantagenet, I come *Plantagenet*,
And this thy Sonnes blood cleauing to my blade,
Shall ruſt vpon my weapon, till thy blood
Congeald with his, do make me wipe off both. *Exit.*

Alarmes. Enter the Duke of Yorke ſolus.

Yor. Ah *Yorke*, poaſt to thy Caſtle, ſaue thy life,
The goale is loſt; thou houſe of *Lancaſter*,
Thrice happie chaunce it is for thee and thine,
That heauen abridgde my daies, and calls me hence
But God knowes what chaunce hath betide my ſonnes:
But this I know, they haue demeand themſelues,
Like men borne to renowne by life or death:
Three times this daie came *Richard* to my ſight,
And cried, courrage Father: Victorie, or death.
And twice ſo oft came *Edward* to my view,
With purple Faulchen painted to the hilts,
In blood of thoſe whom he had ſlaughtered.

Oh

O harke, I heare the Drummes: No way to flie?
Noe way to ſaue my life? And heere I ſtay:
And here my life muſt end.

Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland, and ſoldiers.

Come bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchleſſe furie to more bloud:
This is the But, and this abides your ſhot.
North. Yeeld to our mercies proud *Plantagenet*.
Clif. I to ſuch mercie as his ruthfull arme
With downe right payment, lent vnto my father,
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an euening at the noonetide pricke.
Yor. My aſhes like the *Phœnix*, may bring foorth
A bird that will reuenge it on you all,
And in that hope I caſt mine eies to heauen,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with:
Why ſtay you Lords? what, multitudes and feare?
Clif. So cowards fight when they can flie no longer:
So Doues do pecke the Rauens pierſing tallents;
So deſperate thieues all hopeleſſe of their liues,
Breath out inuectiues gainſt the officers.
Yorke. Oh *Clifford*, yet bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy minde orerun my former time:
And bite thy tongue that flaundreſt him with cowardiſe,
Whoſe verie looke hath made thee quake ere this.
Clif. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes twiſe two for one.
Queene. Holde valiant *Clifford*, for a thouſand cauſes,
I would prolong the traitours life a while.
Wrath makes him deafe, ſpeake thou *Northumberland*.
Nor. Hold *Clifford*, do not honour him ſo much,
To pricke thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it when a curre doth grin,
For one to thruſt his hand betweene his teeth,
When he might ſpurne him with his foote away?
Tis warres priſe to take all aduantages,

And ten to one, is no impeach in Warres.
Fight, and take him.
Clif. I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the gin.
North. So doth the Cunnie struggle with the net.
York. So triumphes Theeues vpon their conquered booty,
So true men yeeld by robbers ouer-matcht.
North, What will your grace haue done with him?
Queen. Braue warriours, *Clifford* and *Northumberland.*
Come make him stand vpon this Moulehill here,
That aymde at Mountaines with outstretched arme.
And parted but the shaddow with his hand.
Was it you that reuelde in our Parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your messe of Sonnes to backe you now?
The wanton *Edward*, and the lustie *George?*
Or where is that valiant *Crookebacke* prodegie?
Dickey your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce,
Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutenies?
Or amongst the rest, where is your darling *Rutland?*
Looke *Yorke*; I dipt this Napkin in the blood
That valiant *Clifford* with his Rapier poynt,
Made issue from the boosome of thy Boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I giue thee this, to dry thy cheekes withall.
Alas poore *Yorke*, But that I hate thee much,
I should lament thy miserable state:
I prethee grieue, to make me merry, *Yorke:*
Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may sing and daunce.
What? hath thy fierie hart so parcht thine entrailes,
That not a teare can fall for *Rutlands* death?
Thou would'st be feede I see to make me sport.
Yorke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a Crowne.
A Crowne for *Yorke?* and Lords bow low to him?
So: hold you his hands while I do set it on,
I, now lookes he like a King.
This is he that tooke King *Henries* Chaire,
And this is he was his adopted heire,
But how is it that great *Plantagenet,*

Is crownd so soone, and broke his holy oath?
As I bethinke me, you should not be King,
Till our *Henrie* had shooke hands with death.
And will you impale your head with *Henries* glorie,
And robbe his temples of the Diadem
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
Oh, tis a fault too too vnpardonable.
Off with the Crowne, and with the Crowne his head,
And whilst we breath, take time to doe him dead.
Clif. That's my office, for my fathers death.
Queen. Yet stay, and lets heare the Orisons he makes.
York. She wolfe of *France*, but worse than wolues of *France*,
Whose tongue more poyson'd than the Adders tooth:
How ill beseeming is it in thy sexe.
To triumph like an *Amazonian* trull
Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captiuates?
But that thy face is vizard like, vnchanging,
Made impudent by vse of euill deedes:
I would assay, proud Queene to make thee blush:
To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,
Twere shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shamles,
Thy father beares the tipe of King of *Naples,*
Of both the *Sisiles* and *Ierusalem,*
Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?
It needes not, or it bootes thee not proude Queene,
Vnlesse the Adage must be verefide,
That Beggers mounted, runne their horse to death.
Tis beautie, that oft makes women proud,
But God he wots, thy share thereof is small.
Tis gouernement, that makes them most admirde,
The contrarie doth make thee wondred at,
Tis vertue makes them seeme deuine,
The want thereof makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as opposite to euery good,
As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs:
Or as the South to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygers hart, wrapt in a womans hide!

How couldſt thou draine the life bloud of the childe,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be ſeene to beare a womans face?
Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible,
Thou indurate, ſterne, rough, remorceleſſe.
Bids thou me rage? why now thou haſt thy will;
Would'ſt haue me weepe? why ſo thou haſt thy wiſh,
For rageing windes blowes vp a ſtorme of teares,
And when the rage alayes, the raine begins.
Theſe teares are my ſweete *Rutlands* obſequies,
And euery drop, begges vengeance as it falles,
On thee fell *Clifford*, and the falſe French woman.
North. Beſhrew me, but his paſſions mooue me ſo,
As hardly can I checke mine eyes from teares.
Yorke. That face of his, the hungry Cannibals
Could not haue toucht, would not haue ſtaind with blood:
But you are more inhumaine, more inexorable,
O ten times more then Tygers of *Arcadia*.
See ruthleſſe Queene a hapleſſe fathers teares,
This cloth thou dipts in bloud of my ſweete Boy,
And loe, with teares I waſh the bloud away.
Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boaſt of that:
And if thou tell the heauie ſtorie well,
Vpon my ſoule, the hearers will ſhead teares,
I, euen my foes will ſhed faſt falling teares,
And ſay; Alas, it was a pitteous deed.
Here, take the Crowne; and with the Crowne my curſſe,
And in thy need, ſuch comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy two cruell hands.
Hard-harted *Clifford*, take me from the worlde,
My ſoule to heauen, my bloud vpon your heads.
North. Had he bin ſlaughterman to all my kin,
I could not chuſe but weepe with him to ſee,
How inlie anger gripes his hart.
Quee. What weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland?*
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quickly drie your melting teares.
Clif. Thears for mine oath, thears for my fathers death.

Queen.

Quee. And thears to right our gentle harted kind.
Yor. Open thy gates of mercie gratious God,
My ſoule flies foorth to meet with thee.
Quee. Off with his head and ſet it on *Yorke* Gates,
So *Yorke* may ouerlooke the towne of *Yorke*. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Edward and Richard, with drum and Souldiers.

Edw. After this dangerous fight and hapleſſe warre,
How doth my noble brother *Richard* fare?
Rich. I cannot ioy vntill I be reſolu'd,
Where our right valient father is become.
How often did I ſee him beare himſelfe,
As doth a Lion midſt a hearde of neate,
So fled his Enemies our valient father,
Me thinkes tis pride enough to be his Sonne.
Thre Sunnes appeare in the aire.
Edw. Loe how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious Sunne,
Daſell mine eies? or do I ſee three Sunnes?
Rich. Three glorious Suns, not ſeperated by a racking (cloude:
But ſeuered in a pale cleere ſhining skie.
See, ſee, they ioyne, embrace, and ſeeme to kiſſe,
As if they vowde ſome league inuiolate:
Now are they but one lampe, one light, one Sunne,
In this the heauens doth figure ſome euent.
Edw. I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,
That we the Sonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,
Alreadie each one ſhining by his meed
May ioyne in one and ouerpeere the world,
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,
Ile beare vpon my Target, three faire ſhining Sunnes.
But what art thou that lookeſt ſo heauilie?
Meſ. Oh one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the noble Duke of *Yorke* was ſlaine.
Edw. Oh ſpeake no more, for I can heare no more.
Rich. Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all.
Meſ. When as the noble Duke was put to ſlight,

And then purſude by *Clifford* and the *Queene*,
And many ſouldiers moe, who all at once
Let driue at him, and forſt the Duke to yeeld:
And then they ſet him on a moulhill there,
And crownde the gratious Duke in high diſpight:
Who then with teares began to waile his fall.
The ruthleſſe *Queene* perceiuing he did weepe,
Gaue him a handkercher to wipe his eyes,
Dipt in the bloud of ſweete young *Rutland*
By rough *Clifford* ſlaine: who weeping tooke it vp,
Then through his breſt they thruſt their blouddie ſwords,
Who like a Lambe fell at the butchers feete.
Then on the gates of *Yorke*, they ſet his head,
And there it doth remaine, the piteous ſpectacle
That ere mine eies beheld.

Edw. Sweet Duke of *Yorke*, our proppe to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone, there is no hope for vs:
Now my ſoules pallace is become a priſon,
Oh would ſhe breake from compaſſe of my breaſt,
For neuer ſhall I haue more ioy.

Rich. I cannot weepe, for all my breaſts moiſture
Scarſe ſerues to quench my furnace burning heart,
I cannot ioy till this white roſe be dide,
Euen in the heart bloud of the houſe of *Lancaſter*.
Richard, I beare thy name, and Ile reuenge thy death,
Or die my ſelfe in ſeeking of reuenge.

Edw. His name, that valient Duke hath left with thee,
His chaire and Dukedome, that remaines for me.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely Eagles bird,
Shew thy diſcent by gazeing gainſt the Sunne.
For Chaire, and Dukedome; Throne, and kingdome ſaie:
For either that is thine, or elſe thou wert not his.

Enter the Earle of Warwicke, Montague, with drum, ancient, and Souldiers.

War. How now faire Lords: what fare? what newes a-(broad?

Rich. Ah gentle *Warwicke*, ſhould we but reporte,

The balefull newes, and at each wordes deliuerance,
Stab poniardes in our fleſh, till all were tould:
The words would adde more anguiſh then the woundes.
Ah valient lord, the Duke of *Yorke* is ſlaine.

Edw. Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, that *Plantagenet*,
Which held thee deare: euen as his ſoules redemption,
Is by the ſterne Lord *Clifford*, done to death.

War. Ten daies agoe, I drownd thoſe newes in teares,
And now to adde more meaſure to your woes,
I come to tell you things ſince then befalne.
After the blouddie fraie at *Wakefield* fought,
Where your braue father breath'd his lateſt gaſpe,
Tidings as ſwiftlie as the poaſt could run,
Was brought me of your loſſe, and his departure.
I, then in London, keeper of the King,
Muſtred my ſouldiers, gathered flockes of friends,
And verie well appointed as I thought,
Marcht to ſaint *Albons* t'entercept the Queene,
Bearing the *King* in my behalfe along,
For by my ſcoutes I was aduertiſed,
That ſhe was comming, with a full intent
To daſh your late decree in parliament,
Touching King *Henries* heires, and your ſucceſsion.
Short tale to make, we at Saint *Albons* met,
Our battailes ioynde, and both ſides fiercelie fought.
But whether twas the coldneſſe of the King,
Who lookt full gentlie on his warlike Queene,
That robde my ſouldiers of their heated ſpleene:
Or whether twas report of his ſucceſſe,
Or more then common feare of *Cliffords* rigour,
Who thunders to his Captaines bloud and death,
I cannot tell: But to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came:
Our Souldiers like the night Owles lazie flight,
Or like an idle threſher with a flaile,
Fell gently downe as if they ſmote their friends,
I cheerd them vp with iuſtice of the cauſe,
With promiſe of high paie and great rewardes.

But all in vaine, they had no hearts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the day,
So that we fled. The King vnto the Queene,
Lord *George* your brother, *Norffolke*, and my ſelfe,
In haſt, poſt haſt, are come to ioyne with you,
For in the marches heere we heard you were,
Making an other head, to fight againe.
Edw. Thankes gentle *Warwicke*,
How farre hence is the Duke with his power?
And when came *George* from *Burgundie* to *England*?
War. Some fiue miles off the Duke is with his power:
But as for your brother, he was lately ſent
From your kind Aunt, Dutches of *Burgundie*,
With aide of ſouldiers gainſt this needfull warre.
Rich. Twas ods belike when valient *Warwicke* fled.
Oft haue I heard thy praiſes in purſute,
But nere till now, thy ſcandall of retire.
War. Nor now, my ſcandall *Richard*, doſt thou heare?
For thou ſhalt knowe that this right hand of mine,
Can pluck the Diadem from faint *Henries* head,
And wring the awfull ſcepter from his fiſt:
Were he as famous and as bold in warre,
As he is famde for mildneſſe, peace, and praier.
Rich. I know it well Lord *Warwicke*, blame me not,
Twas loue I bare thy glories, made me ſpeake.
But in this troublous time, whats to be done?
Shall we goe throw away our coates of ſteele?
And clad our bodies in black mourning gownes,
Numbring our *Auemaries* with our beades?
Or ſhall we on the helmets of our foes,
Tell our deuotion, with reuengfull armes?
If for the laſt, ſaie I, and to it Lords.
War. Why therfore *Warwicke* came to find you out,
And therfore comes my brother *Montague*.
Attend me Lords, the proud inſulting Queene,
With *Clifford* and the haught *Northumberland*,
And of their feather many mo proud birdes,
Haue wrought the eaſie melting King like waxe.

He

He ſware conſent to your ſucceſsion,
His oath inrolled in the Parliament.
But now to London all the crew are gone,
To fruſterate his oath, or what beſides
May make againſt the houſe of *Lancaſter*.
Their power I geſſe them fiftie thouſand ſtrong.
Now if the helpe of *Norfolke*, and my ſelfe,
Can but amount to 48. thouſand,
With all the friends that thou braue Earle of *March*,
Among the louing Welchmen canſt procure,
Why via, To London will we march amaine,
And once againe beſtride our foaming ſteedes,
And once againe crie charge vpon the Foe,
But neuer once againe turne back and flie.
Rich. I, now me thinkes I heare great *Warwicke* ſpeake:
Nere may he liue to ſee a ſunſhine day,
That cries retire, when *Warwicke* bids him ſtay.
Edw. Lord *Warwicke*, on thy ſhoulder will I leane,
And when thou faint'ſt, muſt *Edward* fall:
Which perill heauen forefend.
VVar. No longer Earle of *March*, but Duke of *Yorke*,
The next degree is Englands royall King:
And King of England ſhalt thou be proclaimde,
In euerie Burrough as we paſſe along:
And he that caſts not vp his cappe for ioy,
Shall for th'offence make forfeit of his head.
King *Edward*, valient *Richard*, *Montague*,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,
But forward to effect theſe reſolutions.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Duke of *Norfolke* ſends you word by me,
The *Queene* is comming with a puiſſant power,
And craues your company for ſpeedy councell.
VVar. Why then it ſorts braue Lords, Lets march away.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter the King and Queene, Prince Edward, and the Northren Earles, with Drumme and Souldiers.

Queen. Welcome my Lord, to this braue towne of *Yorke*,
Yonder's the head of that ambitious enemie
That sought to be impaled with your Crowne.
Doth not the obiect please your eie my Lord?
King. Euen as the rocks please them that feare their wracke.
Withhold reuenge deare God, tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly haue I infringde my vow.
Clif. My gratious Lord, this too much lenitie,
And harmefull pitie must be laide aside,
To whom do Lyons cast their gentle lookes?
Not to the beast that would vsurpe his den.
Whose hand is that the sauage Beare doth licke?
Not his, that spoyles his young before his face.
Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting?
Not he that sets his foote vpon her backe.
The smallest Woorme will turne, being troden on:
And Doues will pecke, in rescue of their broode.
Ambitious *Yorke* did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou simpling, while he knit his angry browes.
Hee but a Duke, would haue his sonne a King,
And raise his issue like a louing sire.
Thou being a King, blest with a goodly sonne,
Didst giue consent to disinherite him;
Which argude thee a most vnnaturall father.
Vnreasonable creatures feed their young,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seene them euen with those same wings
Which they haue sometime vsde in fearefull flight,
Make warre with him, that climes vnto their nest,
Offring their owne liues, in their younges defence?
For shame my Lord, make them your president:
Were it not pitie that this goodly Boy,
Should lose his birth-right through his fathers fault?
And long hereafter say vnto his childe,

What

What my great Grandfather and Grandsire got,
My careles farher, fondly gaue away?
Looke on the Boy, and let his manly face,
Which promiseth successefull fortune to vs all,
Steele thy melting thoughts,
To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.
King. Full well hath *Clifford* playde the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mightie force.
But tell me, didst thou neuer yet heare tell,
That things ewill got, had euer bad successe;
And happie euer was it for that sonne,
Whose father for his hoording, went to hell?
I leaue my sonne my vertuous deedes behind,
And would my father had left me no more;
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As askes a thousand times more care to keepe,
Then may the present profite countervaile.
Ah cosen *Yorke*, would thy best friendes did know,
How it doth grieue me, that thy head standes there.
Quee. My Lord, this harmeful pittie makes your followers faint.
You promisd knighthood to your princely sonne,
Vnsheath your sword, and straight do bub him Knight.
Kneele downe *Edward*.
King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a Knight,
And learne this lesson Boy, Draw thy sword in right.
Princ. My gratious father, by your kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparant to the Crowne,
And in that quarrell vse it to the death.
North. Why that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royall Commaunders, be in readinesse,
For with a band of fiftie thousand men,
Comes *Warwicke* backing of the Duke of *Yorke*;
And in the Townes whereas they passe along,
Proclaymes him King, and many flies to him:
Prepare your Battailes, for they be at hand.
Clif. I would your Highnesse would depart the field,
The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.

Queen.

Queen. Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.
King. Why thats my fortune, therefore Ile ſtay ſtill.
Clifford. Be it with reſolution then to fight.
Prince. Good father cheere theſe noble Lordes,
Vnſheath your ſword, ſweete father cry *Saint George.*
Clif. Pitch we our Battell here, for hence we wil not moue

Enter the houſe of Yorke.

Edw. Now periurd *Henry*, wilt thou yeeld thy Crowne,
And kneele for mercy at thy Soueraignes feete?
Quee. Goe rate thy minions proud inſulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus malepert,
Before thy King and lawfull Soueraigne?
Edw. I am his King, and he ſhould bend his knee,
I was adopted heire by his conſent.
Georg. Since when, he hath broke his oath,
For as we heare, you that are King,
Though he do weare the Crowne,
Haue cauſde him by new act of Parliament
To blot our brother out, and put his owne ſonne in.
Clif. And reaſon *George.* Who ſhould ſucceed the father,
but the ſonne?
Rich. Are you their butcher? (ſort.
Clif. I *Crookback*, here I ſtand to anſwere thee, or any of your
Rich. T'was you that kild young *Rutland*, was it not?
Clif. Yes, and olde *Yorke* too, and yet not ſatisfide.
Rich. For Gods ſake Lordes, giue ſynald to the fight.
VVar. What ſayſt thou *Henry?* wilt thou yeeld thy crowne?
Queen. What, long tongde *War.* dare you ſpeake?
When you and I met at Saint *Albones* laſt,
Your legges did better ſeruice then your handes.
VVar. I, then twas my turne to flee, but now tis thine.
Clif. You ſayd ſo much before, and yet you fled.
War. T'was not your vallour *Clifford*, that droue me thence.
Northum. No, nor your manhood *Warwick*, that could make
you ſtay.
Rich. Northumberland, Northumberland, we holde thee re-
uerently. Breake off the parlie, for ſcarſe I can refraine the
exe-

execution of my big ſwolne heart, againſt that *Clifford* there,
that cruell child-killer.
Clif. Why, I kild thy Father, calſt thou him a childe?
Rich. I like a villaine, and a trecherous coward,
As thou didſt kill our tender brother *Rutland*,
But ere Sunne ſet Ile make thee curſſe the deed. (ſpeake,
King. Haue done with wordes great Lords, and heare me
Queen. Defie them then, or els hold cloſe thy lips.
King. I prethee giue no limits to my tongue,
I am a King and preuiledgde to ſpeake.
Clif. My Lord, the wound that bred this meeting heere,
Cannot be cur'd with wordes, therefore be ſtill.
Rich. Then Executioner vnſheath thy ſword,
By him that made vs all I am reſolu'de,
That *Cliffords* manhood hangs vpon his tongue.
Edw. What ſaiſt thou *Henrie?* ſhall I haue my right or no?
A thouſand men haue broke their faſt to day,
That nere ſhall dine, vnleſſe thou yeeld the crowne.
War. If thou denie, their blouds be on thy head,
For *Yorke* in iuſtice puts his armour on.
Prin. If all be right that *Warwicke* ſaies is right,
There is no wrong, but all things muſt be right.
Rich. Whoſoeuer got thee, there thy mother ſtands,
For well I wot, thou haſt thy Mothers tongue.
Quee. But thou art neither like thy ſire nor dam,
But like a foule miſhapen Stygmaticke,
Markt by the deſtinies to be auoided
As venome Toades, or Lizards fainting lookes.
Rich. Iron of *Naples*, hid with Engliſh gilt,
Thy Father beares the title of a King,
As if a channell ſhould be calde the Sea;
Sham'ſt not, knowing from whence thou art deriu'de,
To parlie thus with Englands lawfull heires?
Edw. A wiſpe of ſtrawe were worth a thouſand crownes,
To make that ſhameleſſe Callet know her ſelfe,
Thy husbands Father reueld in the heart of *Fraunce*,
And tamde the French, and made the *Dolphin* ſtoope:
And had he matcht according to his ſtate,

He might haue kept that glorie till this day.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And grac'd thy poore sire with his bridall day:
Then that sun-shine bred a showre for him,
Which washt his fathers fortunes out of Fraunce,
And heapt seditions on his crowne at home.
For what hath mou'd these tumults but thy pride?
Hadst thou bin meeke, our title yet had slept,
And we in pittie of the gentle King,
Had slipt our claime vntill an other age.
George. But when we saw our Sommer brought the gaine,
And that the haruest brought vs no encrease,
We set the axe to thy vsurping roote:
And though the edge haue somthing hit our selues,
Yet know thou, we will neuer cease to strike,
Till we haue hewen thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And in this resolution I defie thee,
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle King to speake.
Sound trumpets, let our blouddie collours waue,
And either victorie, or else a graue.
Queene. Staie *Edward*, staie.
Edw. Hence wrangling woman, Ile no longer staie,
Thy words will cost ten thousand liues to day.
Exeunt Omnes. *Alarmes.*
Enter VVarwicke.
VVar. Sore spent with toile, as runners with the race,
I lay me downe a litle while to breath,
For strokes receiu'd, and many blowes repaide,
Hath robde my strong knit sinewes of their strength,
And force per force needes must I yeeld my selfe.
Enter Edward.
Edw. Smile gentle heauens, or strike vngentle death,
That we may die, vnlesse we gaine the daie.
What fatall starre malignant frownes from heauen,
Vpon the harmlesse line of *Yorkes* true house?
Enter George.

Geor. Come brother, come, lets to the field againe,
For yet theres hope enough to win the daie:
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting troopes,
Least they retire now we haue left the field.
War. How now my Lords? what hap, what hope of good?
Enter Richard running.
Rich. Ah *VVarwicke*, why hast thou withdrawne thy selfe;
Thy noble father in the thickest throngs,
Cride still for *Warwicke* his thrice valient sonne,
Vntill with thousand swords he was beset,
And manie wouudes made in his aged brest:
And as he totering sate vpon his steede,
He wast his hand to me and cried aloud:
Richard, commend me to my valient sonne.
And still he cried, *Warwicke* reuenge my death,
And with those words he tumbled of his horse,
And so the noble *Salsburie* gaue vp the Ghost.
War. Then let the earth bé drunken with his bloud,
Ile kill my horse because I will not flie:
And heere to God of heauen I make a vow,
Neuer to passe from forth this bloody field,
Till I am full reuenged for his death.
Edw. Lord *Warwicke*, I doe bende my knees with thine,
And in that vow, now ioyne my soule to thee,
Thou setter vp and puller downe of Kinges,
Vouchsafe a gentle victorie to vs,
Or let vs die before we loose the day.
Georg. Then let vs haste to cheare the Souldiers harts,
And call them pillers that will stand to vs,
And highly promise to remunerate
Their trustie seruice, in these dangerous warres.
Rich. Come, come away, and stand not to debate,
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, giue me your handes, and let vs part,
And take our leaues, vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen or in earth.
Now I that neuer wept, now melt in woe,
To see these dire mishaps continue so. *Warwicke* farewell.

VVar. Away, away, once more sweet Lords farewell.

Exeunt Omnes.

Alarmes, and then enter Richard at one dore, and Clifford at an other.

Rich. A *Clifford* a *Clifford.*

Clif. A *Richard* a *Richard.*

Rich. Now *Clifford*, for *Yorke* and young *Rutlands* death,
This thirstie sword that longs to drinke thy bloud,
Shall loppe thy limbes, and slice thy cursed heart,
For to reuenge the murthers thou hast made.

Clif. Now *Richard*, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that stabd thy father *Yorke*,
And this the hand that slew thy brother *Rutland:*
And heer's the heart that triumphs in their deaths,
And cheeres these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,
And so haue at thee.

Alarmes, they fight, and then enters Warwicke and reskues Richard, and then Exeunt omnes. Alarmes still, and then enter Henrie solus.

Hen. Oh gratious God of heauen looke downe on vs,
And set some endes to these incessant griefes,
How like a mastlesse ship vpon the Seas,
This wofull battaile doth continue still:
Now leaning this way, now to that side driue,
And none doth know to whome the day will fall.
O would my death might stay these cruell iarres:
Would I had neuer raignde, nor nere bin king.
Margret and *Clifford*, chide me from the field,
Swearing they had best successe when I was thence:
Would God that I were dead, so all were well,
Or would my crowne suffice, I were content,
To yeeld it them and liue a priuate life.

Enter a Souldier with a dead man in his armes.

Soul. Ill blowes the wind that profits no bodie,
This man that I haue slaine in fight to day
May be possessed of some store of Crownes,

And

And I will search to finde them if I can,
But stay: me thinkes it is my fathers face,
Oh I, tis he; whom I haue slaine in fight,
From London was I prest out by the King,
My father he came on the part of *Yorke:*
And in this conflict I haue slaine my father.
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
And pardon father for I knew thee not.

Enter an other Souldier with a dead man.

2. *Soul.* Lie there, thou that foughtst with me so stoutly,
Now let me see what store of gold thou hast,
But stay, me thinkes this is no famous face;
Oh no, it is my Sonne that I haue slaine in fight,
O monstrous times, begetting such euents,
How cruell, bloodie, and ironious,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget,
Poore boy thy father gaue the life to late,
And hath bereau'd thee of thy life too soone.

King. Woe aboue woe, griefe more then common griefe,
Whilst Lions warre, and battaile for their dens,
Poore Lambs do feele the rigour of their wraths:
The Red rose and the Whight are on his face,
The fatall colours of our striuing houses,
Wyther one Rose, and let the other flourish:
For if you striue, ten thousand liues must perish.

1. *Soul.* How will my Mother for my fathers death,
Take on with me, and nere be satisfide?

2. *Soul.* How will my wife for slaughter of her sonne,
Take on with me, and nere be satisfide?

King. How will the people now misdeeme their King?
Oh would my death their mindes could satisfie.

1. *Soul.* Was euer sonne so rude, his fathers blood to spill?

2. *Soul.* Was euer father so vnnaturall his sonne to kill?

King. Was euer King thus greeud and vexed still?

1. *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence from this accursed place;
For woe is me to see my fathers face.

Exit with his father.

2. *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,

For I haue murdred where I ſhould not kill.

Exit with his ſonne.

K.Hen. Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for teare,
Here ſits a King, as woe begone as thee.

Alarmes, and enter the Queene.

Queene. Away my Lord, to *Barwicke* preſently,
The day is loſt, our friendes are murdered,
No hope is left for vs; therefore away.

Enter Prince Edward.

Prince. Oh father flie, our men haue left the Field:
Take horſe ſweete father, let vs ſaue our ſelues.

Enter Exeter.

Exet. Away my Lord, for vengance come along with him:
Nay, ſtand not to expoſtulate; make haſte,
Or elſe come after, Ile away before.

K.Hen. Nay ſtay good *Exeter*, for Ile along with thee.

Enter Clifford, wounded with an arrow in his necke.

Clif. Heere burnes my candle out,
That whilſt it laſted, gaue king *Henry* light.
Ah *Lancaſter*, I feare thine ouerthrow,
More then my bodyes parting from my ſoule.
My loue and feare, glude many friendes to thee,
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.
Impairing *Henry* ſtrengthened miſproud *Yorke*,
The common people ſwarme like ſommer Flies:
And whither flies the Gnats, but to the Sunne?
And who ſhines now but *Henries* enemie?
Oh *Phœbus*, hadſt thon neuer giuen conſent
That *Phaeton* ſhould checke thy fierie ſteedes,
Thy burning carre had neuer ſcorcht the earth.
And *Henry* hadſt thou liu'd as Kings ſhould doe,
And as thy father, and his father did,
Giuing no foote vnto the houſe of *Yorke*,
I, and ten thouſand in this wofull land,
Had left no mourning Widdowes for our deathes:
And thou this day hadſt kept thy Throne in peace,
For what doth cheriſh Weedes but gentle Aire?

And

And what makes robbers bold, but lenetie?
Booteleſſe are plaintes, and cureleſſe are my woundes:
No way to flie, no ſtrength to hold our flight:
The foe is mercileſſe, and will not pittie me,
And at their handes I haue deſerude no pittie.
And at their handes I haue deſerude no pittie.
The aire is got into my bleeding wonndes,
And much effuſe of blood doth make me faint:
Come *Yorke* and *Richard*, *Warwicke*, and the reſt,
I ſtabde your fathers, now come ſplit my breſt.

Enter Edward, Richard, and Warwicke, and Souldiers.

Edw. Thus farre our fortunes keepes an vpward courſe,
And we are graſt with wreathes of victorie:
Some troupes purſue the bloodie minded Queene,
That now towardes *Barwicke* doth poſte amaine,
But thinke you that *Clifford* is fled away with them?

War. No, tis impoſſible he ſhould eſcape:
For though before his face I ſpeake the wordes,
Your brother *Richard* markt him for the graue,
And where ſo ere he be, I warrant him dead.

Clifford grones, and then dyes.

Edw. Harke, what ſoule is this that takes his heauie leaue?

Rich. A deadly grone, like life and deaths departure.

Edw. See who it is, and now the battailes ended,
Friend or foe, let him be friendly vſed.

Rich. Reuerſe that doome of mercie, for tis *Clifford*,
Who kild our tender brother *Rutland*,
And ſtabd our princely Duke of *Yorke*.

War. From off the gates of *Yorke* fetch downe the head,
Your fathers head which *Clifford* placed there,
In ſtead of that, let his ſupply the roome.
Meaſure for meaſure muſt be anſwered.

Edw. Bring foorth that fatall skritch-Owle to our houſe,
That nothing ſung to vs but blood and death,
Now his yll boding tongue no more ſhall ſpeake,

War. I thinke his vnderſtanding is bereft.

Say

Say *Clifford*, doſt thou know who ſpeakes to thee?
Darke cloudie death oreſhades his beames of life,
And he nor ſees nor heares vs what we ſay.
Rich. Oh would he did, and ſo perhaps he doth,
And tis his pollicie in the time of death,
He might auoyde ſuch bitter ſtormes as he
In his houre of death did giue vnto our father,
Geor. *Richard*, if thou thinkeſt ſo, vex him with eger words.
Rich. *Clifford*, aske mercie, and obtaine no grace.
Edw. *Clifford*, repent in bootleſſe penitence.
War. *Clifford*, deuiſe excuſes for thy fault.
George. Whilſt we deuiſe fell tortures for thy fault.
Rich. Thou pittiedſt *Yorke*, and I am ſonne to *Yorke*.
Edw. Thou pittiedſt *Rutland*, and I will pittie thee.
Geor. Where's captaine *Margaret* to fence you now?
War. They mocke thee *Clifford*; ſweare as thou waſt wont.
Rich. What not an oath? Nay then, I know hee's dead.
Tis hard, when *Clifford* cannot foord his friend an oath.
By this, I know hee's dead; and by my ſoule,
Would this right hand buy but an houres life,
That I in all contempt might raile at him.
Ide cut it off, and with the iſſuing blood,
Stifle the villaine, whoſe inſtanched thirſt,
Yorke and young *Rutland* could not ſatisfie.
War. I, but he is dead; off with the traytors head,
And reare it in the place your fathers ſtandes.
And now to *London* with triumphant march,
There to be crowned *Englands* lawfull King.
From thence ſhall *Warwicke* croſſe the ſeas to *Fraunce*,
And aske the Ladie *Bona* for thy Queene;
So ſhalt thou ſinew both theſe Landes togither:
And hauing *Fraunce* thy friend, thou needſt not dread,
The ſcattered foe, that hopes to riſe againe.
And though they cannot greatly ſting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them buſie, to offend thine eares.
Firſt Ile ſee the coronation done,
And afterward Ile croſſe the ſeas to *Fraunce*,
To effect this marriage, if it pleaſe my Lord?

Edw.

Edw. Euen as thou wilt, good *Warwicke* let it be:
But firſt before we go, *George* kneele downe,
Wee here create thee *Duke of Clarence*; and girt thee with the ſword.
Our younger brother *Richard*, *Duke of Gloceſter*.
Warwicke as my ſelfe ſhall do and vndo, as him pleaſeth beſt.
Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*; *George* of *Gloſter*:
For *Gloſters* Dukedome is too ominous.
War. Tuſh, thats a childiſh obſeruation.
Richard be Duke of *Gloſter*. Now to London,
To ſee theſe honors in poſſeſſion. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter two Keepers with bow and arrowes.

Keeper. Come, lets take our ſtandes vpon this hill,
And by and by the Deere will come this way:
But ſtay, here comes a man, lets liſten him awhile.

Enter King Henrie diſguiſde.

Hen. From *Scotland* am I ſtolne euen of pure loue,
And thus diſguiſde, to greet my native land.
No, *Henrie* no, It is no land of thine,
No bending knee will call thee *Cæſar* now,
No humble ſuters ſues to thee for right:
For how canſt thou helpe them, and not thy ſelfe?
Keeper. I marry ſir, here is a Deere, his skin is a Keepers fee.
Sirra ſtand cloſe; for as I thinke, this is the King,
King *Edward* hath depoſde.
Hen. My Queene & ſonne, poore ſoules, are gone to *France*,
And (as I heare) the great commaunding *Warwicke*,
To intreate a marriage with the Lady *Bona*:
If this be true, poore Queene and Sonne,
Your labour is but ſpent in vaine:
For *Lewis* is a Prince ſoone wonne with wordes,
And *Warwicke* is a ſubtill Orator:
He laughes and ſayes, his *Edward* is inſtalde.
She weepes, and ſayes, her *Henrie* is depoſde:
He on his right hand, asking a wife for *Edward*;
She on his left ſide, crauing ayde for *Henrie*.
Keeper. What art thou that talkes of Kings and Queenes?
Hen. More then I ſeeme; for leſſe I ſhould not be.

A man at leaſt, and more I cannot be,
And men may talke of Kings; and why not I?
Keep. I, but thou talkeſt as if thou wert a King thy ſelfe.
Hen. Why ſo I am in minde, though not in ſhewe.
Keep. And if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?
Hen. My crowne is in my heart, not on my head.
My crowne is cald Content; a crowne that Kings do ſeldme times enioy.
Keep. And if thou be a King, Crownd with Content,
Your crowne content, and you, muſt be content
To go with vs vnto the officer: for as we thinke,
You are our *quondam* King, *K. Edward* hath depoſde:
And therefore we charge you in Gods name & the Kings,
To go along with vs vnto the Officers.
Hen. Gods name be fulfild, your Kinges name be obayde,
And be you Kinges: commaunde, and Ile obay.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter King Edward, Clarence, and Glocester, Montague, Haſtings, and the Ladie Gray.

K. Ed. Brothers of *Clarence*, and of *Glocester*,
This Ladies husband heere, Sir *Richard Gray*,
At the battaile of Saint *Albones* did loſe his life,
His landes then were ſeazed on by the Conqueror:
Her ſute is now to repoſſeſſe thoſe lands,
And ſith in quarrell of the houſe of *Yorke*,
The noble gentleman an did loſe his life:
In honour we cannot denie her ſute.
Glo. Your Highneſſe ſhall do well to graunt it then.
K. Ed. I, ſo I will, but yet Ile make a pauſe.
Glo. I, is the winde in that dore?
Clarence, I ſee the Ladie hath ſomthing to graunt,
Before the King will graunt her humble ſute.
Cla. He knowes the game, how well he keepes the winde.
K. Ed. Widdow, come ſome other time to know our mind.
La. May it pleaſe your Grace, I cannot brooke delayes,
I beſeech your Highneſſe to diſpatch me now. (wit.
K. Ed. Lords giue vs leaue, we meane to trie this widdows
Cla. I, good leaue haue you.

Glo.

Glo. For you will haue leaue, till youth take leaue,
And leaue you to your crouch.
K. Ed. Come hither widdow: How many Children haſt (thou?
Cla. I thinke he meanes to beg a Child on her.
Glo. Nay whip me then, hee'l rather giue her two.
La. Three my gratious Lord.
Glo. You ſhall haue fouere and you will be rulde by him.
K. Ed. Were it not pittie they ſhould loſe their Fathers (lands?
La. Be pittifull then dread L. and grant it them.
K. Ed. Ile tell thee how theſe lands are to be got.
La. So ſhall you binde me to your highneſſe ſeruice.
K. Ed. What ſeruice wilt thou do me, if I graunt it them?
La. Euen what your Highneſſe ſhall commaund.
Glo. Nay then Widdow Ile warrant you all your husbands (landes,
If you graunt to do what he commaundes.
Fight cloſe, or in good fayth you catch a clap.
Cla. Nay I feare her not, vnleſſe ſhe fall.
Glo. Marie gods-forbot man, for heele take vantage then.
La. Why ſtops my Lord? ſhall I not know my taske?
K. Ed. An eaſie taske; tis but to loue a King.
La. Thats ſoone performd, becauſe I am a ſubiect.
K. Ed. Why then, thy husbands lands I freely giue thee.
La. I take my leaue, with many thouſand thankes.
Cla. The match is made, ſhe ſeales it with a curteſie.
K. Ed. Stay Widdow, ſtay: What loue doſt thou thinke
I ſue ſo much to get?
La. My humble ſeruice, ſuch as Subiectes owes,
and the lawes commaundes.
K. Ed. No by my troth, I meane no ſuch loue,
But to tell thee the troth, I aime to lie with thee.
La. To tell you plaine my Lord, I had rather lie in priſon.
K. Ed. Why then thou canſt not get thy husbands lands.
La. Then mine honeſtie ſhall be my dower,
For by that loſſe, I will not purchaſe them.
K. Ed. Herein thou wrongſt thy children mightilie.
La. Herein your Highneſſe wronges both them and me:
But mightie Lord, this merrie inclination,
Agrees not with the ſadneſſe of my ſute.

Please it your Highnes to dismisse me either with I or no?
K. Ed. I, if thou say I, to my request:
No, if thou say no, to my demaund.
La. Then no my Lord, my sute is at an end.
Glo. The widdow likes him not, she bens the brow.
Cla. Why, he is the bluntest woer in Christendome.
K. Ed. Her lookes are all repleate with Maiestie.
One way or other she is for a King:
And she shall be my loue, or else my *Queene*,
Saie, that king *Edward* tooke thee for his *Queene?*
La. Tis better said then done, my gratious Lord,
I am a subiect fit to ieast withall,
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.
K. Ed. Sweet widdow, by my state I sweare,
I speake no more then what my heart intends:
And that is to enioy thee for my loue.
La. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,
I know I am to bad to be your *Queene:*
And yet to good to be your Concubine.
K. Ed. You cauill widdow, I did meane my *Queene.*
La. Your grace would be loth my sonnes should call you Father.
K. Ed. No more then when my daughters cal thee mother
Thou art a widdow, and thou hast some Children,
And (by God's mother) I being but a Batcheler,
Haue other some: why tis a happie thing,
To be the father of manie Children:
Argue no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.
Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.
Cla. When he was made a shriuer twas for shift.
K. Ed. Brothers you muse what talke the widdow and I haue had, you wold thinke it strange if I should marrie her.
Cla. Marrie her my Lord, to whom?
K Ed. Why *Clarence*, to my selfe.
Glo. That would be ten daies wonder at the least.
Cla. Why thats a daie longer then a wonder lasts.
Glo. And so much more are the wonders in extreames.
K Ed. Well, least on Brothers, I can tell you,

Her sute is graunted, for her husbands lands.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And it please your grace, *Henrie* your foe is taken,
And brought as prisoner to your pallace gates.
K Ed. Away with him, and send him to the Tower:
And lets go question with the man about his apprehension.
Lords along, and vse this Ladie honourably. *Exeunt.*

Manet Gloster, and speakes.

Glo. I, *Edward* will vse women honourably,
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,
That from his loynes no issue might succeed,
To hinder me from the golden time I looke for:
For I am not yet lookt on in the world.
First is there *Edward*, *Clarence*, and *Henrie*,
And his sonne, and all they looke for issue
Of their loynes, ere I can plant my selfe:
A colde premeditation for my purpose,
What other pleasure is there in the world beside?
I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,
And lull my selfe within a Ladies lappe,
And witch sweet Ladies with my wordes and lookes.
Oh monstrous man to harbour such a thought,
Why, loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe:
And for I should not deale in her affaires,
She did corrupt fraile nature in the flesh,
And plast an enuious mountaine on my backe:
Where sits deformitie, to mocke my bodie,
To dry mine arme vp like a withered Shrimpe,
To make my legges of an vnequall size,
And am I then a man to be belou'd?
Easier for me to compasse twentie crownes.
Tut, I can smile, and murder when I smile:
I cry content to that, that greeues me most.
I can adde colours to the Camelion,
And for a need, change shapes with *Protheus*,
And set the aspyring *Catalin* to schoole.

Can I doe this, and can not get the Crowne?
Tuſh, were it ten times higher, Ile pull it downe. *Exit.*

Enter King Lewis and the Lady Bona, and Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford, and others.

Lewis. Welcome *Q. Margaret* to the Court of *Fraunce*,
It fits not *Lewis* to ſit while thou doſt ſtand,
Sit by my ſide, and here I vow to thee,
Thou ſhalt haue ayde to repoſſeſſe thy right,
And beate proud *Edward* from his vſurped ſeate,
And place king *Henry* in his former rule.
Queen. I humbly thanke your royall Maieſtie,
And pray the God of heauen, to bleſſe thy ſtate,
Great King of *Fraunce*, that thus regardes our wronges.

Enter Warwicke.

Lew. How now, Who is this?
Queen. Our Earle of *Warwicke*, *Edwards* chiefeſt friend.
Lew. Welcome braue *Warwick*, what brings thee to *France*?
War. From worthy *Edward* King of *England*,
My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindneſſe and vnfaigned loue,
Firſt to do greetinges to thy royall perſon,
And then to craue a league of amitie:
And laſtly, to confirme that amitie,
With nuptiall knot, if thou vouchſafe to graunt.
That vertuous Lady *Bona* thy faire ſiſter,
To *Englands* King in lawfull marriage.
Queen. And if this goe forward, all our hope is done.
War. And gratious Madam, in our Kinges behalfe,
I am commaunded, with your loue and fauour,
Humbly to kiſſe your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the paſſions of my Soueraignes hart:
Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,
Hath plaſt thy glorious image and thy Aertues.
Queen. King *Lewis* and Lady *Bona*, heare me ſpeake,
Before you anſwere *Warwicke* or his wordes,
For he it is hath done vs all theſe wronges.

War.

War. Iniurious *Margaret.*
Prince Ed. And why not Queene?
War. Becauſe thy father *Henrie* did vſurpe,
And thou no more art Prince, then ſhe is Queene.
Oxf. Then *Warwicke* diſanuls great *Iohn* of *Gaunt*,
That did ſubdue the greateſt part of *Spaine*,
And after *Iohn* of *Gaunt*, wiſe *Henrie* the fourth,
Whoſe wiſedome was a mirrour to the worlde.
And after this wiſe Prince, *Henrie* the fift;
Who with his proweſſe conquered all *Fraunce*:
From theſe, our *Henries* lineally diſcent.
War. Oxford, how haps that in this ſmooth diſcourſe,
You tolde not how *Henrie* the ſixt had loſt
All that *Henrie* the fift had gotten?
Me thinkes theſe peeres of *Fraunce* ſhould ſmile at that:
But for the reſt, you tell a pettigree
Of threeſcore and two yeeres a ſillie time,
To make preſcription for a Kingdomes worth.
Oxf. Why *Warwicke*, canſt thou denie thy King,
Whom thou obeyedſt thirtie and eight yeeres,
And bewray thy treaſons with a bluſh?
War. Can *Oxford* that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler falſhood with a pettigree?
For ſhame leaue *Henrie*, and call *Edward* King.
Oxf. Call him my King, by whom mine elder brother
The Lord *Awbray Vere* was done to death:
And more then ſo, my father euen in the
Downefall of his mellowed yeeres,
When age did call him to the doore of death?
No *Warwicke* no, whilſt life vpholds this arme,
This arme vpholdes the houſe of *Lancaſter*.
War. And I the houſe of *Yorke*.
K. Lewis. Queene *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*,
Vouchſafe to forbeare a while,
Till I do talke a word with *Warwicke*.
Now *Warwicke*, euen vpon thy honour tell me true,
Is *Edward* lawfull King or no?
For I were loth to linke with him, that is not lawfull heire.

War.

War. Thereon I pawne mine honour and my credit.
Lew. What, is he gratious in the peoples eyes?
War. The more, that *Henry* is vnfortunate.
Lew. What, is his loue to our sister *Bona?* (selfe,
War. Such it seemes, as may beseeme a monarke like him-
My selfe haue often heard him say and sweare,
That this his loue was an eternall plant.
The roote whereof was fixt in vertues ground:
The leaues and fruite maintainde with beauties sunne,
Exempt from enuie, but not from disdaine,
Vnlesse the Lady *Bona* quite his paine.
Lew. Then sister, let vs heare your firme resolue.
Bona. Your graunt or your deniall, shall be mine,
But ere this day I must confesse, when I
Haue heard your Kinges desertes recounted,
Mine eares haue tempted iudgement to desire.
Lew. Then draw neare Queene *Margaret*, & be a witnesse,
That *Bona* shall be wife to the English King.
Prince Edvv. To *Edvvard*, but not the English King.
VVar. *Henrie* now liues in *Scotland* at his eate,
Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose:
And as for you, your selfe, our *quondam* Queene,
You haue a father able to maintaine your state:
And better twere to trouble him then *Fraunce*.
Sound for a Post within.
Lew. Here comes some Post *VVarvvicke*, to thee or vs.
Post. My Lord Ambassadour, this Letter is for you,
Sent from your brother Marquis *Montague*.
This from our King vnto your Maiestie.
And these to you Madam, from whom I know not.
Oxf I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistresse
Smiles at her newes, when *Warvvicke* frets at his.
P.Ed. And marke how *Levves* stampes, as he were netled.
Levv. Now *Margaret* & *VVarvvicke*, What are your news?
Queen. Mine, such as filles my hart full of ioy.
VVar. Mine, full of sorrow and harts discontent.
Levv. What, hath your King married the Lady *Gray*,
And now to excuse himselfe, sendes vs a Post of papers?

Howe

How dares he presume to vse vs thus?
Queen. This proueth *Edwards* loue, & *Warwicks* honesty.
VVar. King *Lewes*, I here protest in sight of heauen,
And by the hope I haue of heauenly blisse,
That I am cleare from this misdeede of *Edwards*.
No more my King, for he dishonours me,
And most himselfe, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of *Yorke*,
My father came vntimely to his death?
Did I let passe the abuse done to my Neece?
Did I impale him with the regall Crowne,
And thrust king *Henrie* from his natiue home?
And most vngratefull doth he vse me thus?
My gratious Queene, pardon what is past,
And hencefoorth I am thy true seruitour:
I will reuenge the wrongs done to Lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henrie* in his former state.
Queen. Yes *VVarwicke* I do quite forget thy former faults,
If now thou wilt become king *Henries* friend:
War. So much his friend; I, his vnfaigned friend,
That if King *Lewes* vouchsafe to furnish vs
With some few bandes of chosen Souldiers,
Ile vndertake to land them on our coast,
And force the Tyrant from his seate by warre.
Tis not his new made Bride shall succour him.
Lew. Then at the last, I firmely am resolu'd,
You shall haue ayde:
And English *Messenger* returne in post,
And tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
That *Lewes* of *Fraunce*, is sending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him and his new Bride.
Bona. Tell him, in hope heele be a Widower shortly,
Ile weare the Willow Garland for his sake.
Queen. Tell him, my mourning weedes be layde aside,
And I am readie to put Armour on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.
Ther's thy reward; begone.

Lew. But now tell me *Warwicke*, what assurance
I shall haue of thy true loyaltie?
War. This shall assure my constant loyaltie,
If that our Queene and this young Prince agree:
Ile ioyne mine eldest Daughter and my ioy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlockes bands.
Quee. With all my heart, that match I like full well,
Loue her Sonne *Edward*, she is faire and young,
And giue thy hand to *Warwicke* for thy loue.
Lew. It is enough, and now we will prepare,
To leuie Souldiers for to go with you.
And you Lord *Burbon*, our high Admirall,
Shall waft them safelie to the English coast,
And chase proud *Edward* from his slumbring traunce,
For mocking marriage with the name of Fraunce.
War. I came from *Edward* as Embassadour,
But I returne his sworne and mortall foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull warre shall answare his demaunde.
Had he none else ro make a stale but me?
Then none but I, shall turne his iest to sorrow:
I was the chiefe that raisde him to the crowne,
And Ile be chiefe to bring him downe againe,
Not that I pittie *Henries* miserie,
But seeke reuenge on *Edwards* mockerie. *Exit.*

Enter King Edward, the Queene, and Clarence, Gloster, Montague, Hastings, and Penbrooke, with soldiers.

Ed. Brothers of *Clarence*, and of *Glocester*,
What thinke you of our marriage with the Ladie *Gray*?
Cla. My Lord, we thinke as *Warwicke* and *Lewis*
That are so slacke in iudgment, that theyle take no offence at
this suddaine marriage.
K. Ed. Suppose they do; they are but *Lewis*, and *Warwicke*,
And I am your King: and *Warwickes*, And will be obaied.
Glo. And shall, because you are our king, but yet such sud-
daine marriages seldome proueth well.

Ed.

Ed. Yea brother *Richard*, are you against vs too?
Glo. Not I my Lord: no, God forfend that I should
Once gainesay your highnesse pleasure:
I, & twere a pittie to sunder them that yoake so wel togither.
Ed. Setting your scornes and your dislikes aside,
Shew me some reasons why the Lady *Gray*
May not be my Loue, and Englands Queene?
Speake freely *Clarence*, *Gloster*,
Montague, and *Hastinges*.
Cla. My Lord, then this is my opinion,
That *Warwicke* being dishonored in his embassage,
Doth seeke reuenge, to quite his iniuries.
Glo. And *Lewis*, in regard of his sisters wronges,
Doth ioyne with *Warwicke*, to supplant your state.
Ed. Suppose that *Lewis* and *Warwicke* be appeasd,
By such meanes as I can best deuise?
Mont. But yet to haue ioyned with Fraunce in this
Alliance, would more haue strenghned this our
Common wealth, gainst forraigne stormes;
Then any home bred marriage.
Hast. Let England be true within it selfe,
We need not Fraunce nor any alliance with them.
Cla. For this one speache the Lord *Hastings* well deserues,
To haue the daughter and heire of the Lord *Hungerford*.
Ed. And what then? It was our will it should be so?
Cla. I, and for such a thing too, the Lord *Scales*
Did well deserue at your handes, to haue the
Daughter of the Lord *Bonfield*, and left your
Brothers to goe seeke else where: but in
Your madnes, you burie brotherhood.
Ed. Alasse poore *Clarence*, is it for a wife,
That thou art mal-content?
Why man be of good cheere, I will prouide thee one.
Cla. Nay, you plaide the broker so ill for your selfe,
That you shall giue me leaue to make my
Choyse as I thinke good: and to that intent,
I shortly meane to leaue you.
Ed. Leaue me or tarrie, I am full resolu'd,

 Ed.

Edward will not be tied to his brothers wills.
Quee. My Lords, do me but right, and you muſt confeſſe,
Before it pleaſde his highneſſe to aduance
My ſtate to title of a Queene,
That I was not ignoble in my birth.
Edw. Forbeare my Loue, to fawne vpon their frownes,
For thee they muſt obay, nay ſhall obay,
And if they looke for fauour at my hands.
Mont. My Lord, heere is the meſſenger returnde from (Fraunce

Enter a Meſſenger.

Edw. Now ſirra, What letters, or what newes?
Meſ. No letters my Lord; and ſuch newes, as without your Highneſſe ſpetiall pardon, I dare not relate.
Edvv. We pardon thee: and as neere as thou canſt, tell me What ſaid *Lewis* to our letters?
Meſ. At my departure theſe were his verie wordes.
Go tell falſe *Edward*, thy ſuppoſed King,
That *Lewis* of Fraunce is ſending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him and his new bride.
Ed. Is *Lewis* ſo braue? belike he thinkes me *Henry*.
But what ſaide Lady *Bona* to theſe wrongs? (ſhortly,
Meſ. Tell him (quoth ſhe) in hope hee'l proue a widdower
Ile weare the willow garland for his ſake,
Ed. She had the wrong indeed; ſhe could ſay litle leſſe:
But what ſaid *Henries* Queene? for as I heare ſhe was then in place.
Meſ. Tell him (quoth ſhe) my mourning weedes be done:
And I am readie to put armour on.
Ed. Then belike ſhe meanes to plaie the *Amazon*.
But what ſaid *Warwicke* to theſe iniuries?
Meſ. He more incenſed then the reſt my Lord,
Tell him (quoth he) that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.
Ed. Ha, Durſt the traitour breath out ſuch proud words?
But I will arme me to preuent the worſt.
But what, is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret*?
Meſ. I my good Lord, they are ſo linkt in friendſhippe, That

That young Prince *Edvvard* marries *VVarvvickes* daughter.
Cla. The elder? belike *Clarence* ſhall haue the younger?
All you that loue me, and *VVarwicke*, follow me.
Exit Clarence, and Sommerſet.

Ed. Clarence, and *Sommerſet*, fled to *Warwicke*.
What ſaie you brother *Richard*, will you ſtand to vs?
Glo. I, my Lord, in deſpight of all that ſhal withſtand you:
For why hath nature made me halt down right,
But that I ſhould be valient and ſtand to it?
For if I would, I cannot run away.
Ed. Penbrooke, go raiſe an armie preſently,
Pitch vp my Tent; for in the field this night,
I meane to reſt: and on the morrow morne,
Ile march to meet proud *Warwicke*, ere he land
Thoſe ſtragling troopes, which he hath got in Fraunce:
But ere I goe *Montague* and *Haſtings*,
You of all the reſt are neereſt alied
In bloud to *Warwicke*; therfore tell me, if
You fauour him more then me, or not?
Speake trulie, for I had rather haue you open enemies,
Then hollow friendes.
Mon. So God helpe *Montague*, as he proues true.
Haſt. And *Haſtings*, as he fauours *Edwards* cauſe.
Ed. It ſhall ſuffice: come then, lets march away.
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Warwicke, and Oxenford, with Souldiers.

War. Truſt me my Lords, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers ſwarme to vs.
But ſee where *Sommerſet* and *Clarence* comes.
Speake ſuddenly my Lords, are we all friends.
Cla. Feare not that my Lord.
VVar. Then gentle *Clarence* welcome vnto *Warwicke*.
And welcome *Sommerſet*. I hold it cowardiſe,
To reſt miſtruſtfull, where a noble heart:
Hath pawnd an open hand, in ſigne of loue.
Elſe might I thinke that *Clarence*, *Edwards* brother,
Were but a faigned friend to our proceedings:

But welcome sweete *Clarence*, my daughter shalbe thine.
And now what restes but in nightes couerture,
Thy brother being carelesly encampt,
His Souldiers lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a simple guarde,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure:
Our Skoutes haue found the aduenture verie easie:
Then cry King *Henrie*, with resolued mindes,
And breake we presently into his tent.
Cla. Why then lets on our way in silent sort,
For *VVarwicke* and his friends, God and Saint *George*.
War. This is his Tent, and see where his guard doth stand.
Courage my Souldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and *Edward* shall be ours.
All. A *VVarwicke*, a *VVarwicke*.

Alarmes, and Gloster and Hastings flies.

Oxf. Who goes there?
War. *Richard* and *Hastinges*, let them go: here is the Duke.
Edw. The Duke, why *Warwicke*, when we parted last,
thou caldst me King?
VVar. I, but the case is altred now.
When you disgrast me in my Embassage,
Then I disgrast you from being King,
And now am come to create you Duke of *Yorke*.
Alasse how should you gouerne any Kingdome,
That knowes not how to vse Embassadours,
Nor how to vse your brothers brotherly:
Nor how to shrowd your selfe from enemies.
Edw. Well *Warwicke*, let Fortune doe her worst,
Edward in minde will beare himselfe a King.
War. Then for his minde, be *Edward* Englands king,
But *Henrie* now shall weare the English Crowne.
Goe conuey him to our brother Archbyshop of *Yorke*,
And when I haue fought with *Penbrooke*, and his followers,
Ile come and tell thee what the Lady *Bona* sayes:
And so for a while, farewell good Duke of *Yorke*.
Exeunt some with Edward.

Cla.

Cla. What followes now, all hitherto goes well,
But we must dispatch some letters to *Fraunce*,
To tell the Queene of our happy fortune,
And bid her come with speede to ioyne with vs.
VVar. I, thats the first thing that we haue to doe,
And free king *Henrie* from imprisonment,
And see him seated in his regall throne.
Come, let vs haste away, and hauing past these cares,
Ile post to *Yorke*, and see how *Edward* fares.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, and sir William Stanly.

Glo. Lord *Hastings*, and sir *VVilliam Stanly*,
Know, that the cause I sent for you is this.
I looke my brother with a slender traine,
Should come a hunting in this Forrest heere;
The Bishop of *Yorke* befrendes him much,
And lets him vse his pleasure in the chase:
Now I haue priuily sent him word,
How I am come with you to rescue him.
And see where the Huntsman and he doth come.

Enter Edward and a Huntsman.

Hunts. This way my Lord the Deere is gone.
Ed. No this way Huntsman, see where the Keepers stand.
Now brother and the rest,
What, are you prouided to depart?
Glo. I, I, the horse standes at the Parke corner,
Come to *Linne*, and so take shipping into *Flaunders*.
Ed. Come then: *Hastings* and *Stanlie*,
I will requite your loues. Byshop farewell,
Sheeld thee from *VVarwickes* frownes:
And pray that I may repossesse the Crowne.
Now Huntsman what will you doe?
Hunts. Marrie my Lord, I thinke I had as good
Goe with you, as tarry heere to be hangde.
Ed. Come then, lets away with speede.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter

Enter the Queene and the Lord Riuers.

Riuers. Tell me good Madam, Why is your Grace so
passionate of late?
Queene. Why brother *Riuers*, heare you not the newes
Of that successe king *Edward* had of late?
Riu. What? losse of some pitcht battaile against *Warwicke*?
Tush, feare not faire Queene, but cast those cares aside,
King *Edwards* noble minde, his honours doth display:
And *Warwicke* may lose, though then he got the day.
Queen. If that were all, my griefes were at an end:
But greater troubles will (I feare) befall.
Riu. What? is he taken prisoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royall person then?
Queen. I, ther's my griefe; King *Edward* is surprisde,
And led away, as prison vnto *Yorke*.
Riu. The newes is pesing strange, I must confesse:
Yet comfort your selfe, for *Edward* hath more friends,
Then *Lancaster* at this time must perceiue;
That some will set him in his throne againe.
Queen. God graunt they may: but gentle brother come,
And let me leane vpon thine arme awhile,
Vntill I come vnto the sanctuarie,
There to preserue the fruite within my wombe,
King *Edwards* seed, true heire to *Englands* crowne. *Exit.*

Enter Edward and Richard, and Hastinges with a troope of Hollanders.

Ed. Thus farre from *Belgia* haue we past the seas,
And marcht from *Rounspur* hauen vnto *Yorke*:
But soft, the Gates are shut; I like not this.
Rich. Sound vp the Drumme, and call them to the walles.

Enter the Lord Maior of Yorke vpon the Walles.

Maior. My Lordes, we had notice of your comming,
And thats the cause we stand vpon our garde,
And shut the Gates, for to preserue the Towne:
Henrie now is King, and we are sworne to him.

Ed.

Ed. Why my Lord Maior, if *Henrie* be your King,
Edward I am sure at least, is Duke of *Yorke*?
Maior. Trueth my Lord, we know you for no lesse.
Ed. I craue nothing but my Dukedome.
Rich. But when the Foxe hath gotten in his head,
Heele quickly make the body follow after.
Hast. Why my Lord Maior, what stand you vpon points?
Open the Gates, we are king Henries friendes.
Maior. Say you so, then Ile open them presently,
Exit Maior.
Ric. By my faith a wise stout Captaine, & soone perswaded.

The Maior opens the doore, and bringes the Keyes in his hand.

Ed. So my Lord Maior, these Gates must not be shut,
But in the time of Warre: Giue me the keyes.
What, feare not man; for *Edward* will defend the towne
and you, despight of all your foes.

Enter sir Iohn Mountgommery with Drumme and Souldiers.

How now *Richard*, Who is this?
Rich. Brother, this is Sir Iohn *Mountgommery*,
A trustie friend, vnlesse I be deceiude.
Ed. Welcome *Sir Iohn*, Wherefore come you in armes?
Sir Iohn. To helpe king *Edward* in this time of stormes,
As euery loyall subiect ought to doe.
Ed. Thankes braue *Mountgommery*,
But I onely claime my Dukedome,
Vntill it please God to send thee rest.
Sir Iohn. Then fare you well. Drum strike vp and let vs
March away: I came to serue a King and not a Duke.
Ed. Nay stay *Sir Iohn*, and let vs first debate,
With what securitie we may doe this thing.
Sir Iohn. What stand you on debating: to be briefe,
Except you presently proclaime your selfe our King,
Ile hence againe, & keepe them backe that come to succour
you: why should we fight, when you pretende no title?

Rich. Fie brother, fie, ſtande you vpon tearmes?
Reſolue your ſelfe, and let vs claime the Crowne.
Ed. I am reſolude once more to claime the Crowne,
And win it too, or elſe to loſe my life.
Sir Iohn. I now my Soueraigne ſpeakes like himſelfe,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion,
Sound Trumpets, for *Edward* ſhalbe proclaymde.
Edward the fourth by the grace of God, King of England and
Fraunce, and Lord of Ireland;
And whoſoeuer gainſayes king *Edwards* right,
By this I challenge him to ſingle fight:
Long liue *Edward* the fourth.
All. Long liue *Edward* the fourth.
Ed. We thanke you all. Lord Maior, lead on the way,
For this night weele harboure heer in *Yorke*,
And then as earlie as the morning ſunne,
Liftes vp his beames aboue this Horiſon,
Weele march to London, to meete with *Warwicke*,
And pull falſe *Henrie* from the Regall throne.

Enter Warwicke and Clarence, with the Crowne, and then king Henrie, and Oxford, and Summerſet, and the young Earle of Richmond.

King. Thus from the Priſon to this princely ſeate,
By Gods great mercies am I brought againe:
Clarence and *Warwicke* do you keepe the Crowne,
And gouerne and protect my Realme in peace,
And I will ſpend the Remnant of my dayes,
To ſinnes rebuke, and my creators prayſe.
War. What anſweres *Clarence* to his Soueraignes will?
Cla. Clarence agrees to what king *Henrie* likes.
King. My Lord of *Sommerſet*, what prettie Boy is that,
You ſeeme to be ſo carefull of?
Som. And it pleaſe your Grace, it is young *Henrie*,
Earle of *Richmond.*
King. Henrie of *Richmond*, Come hither prettie Ladde,
If heauenly powers doe aime aright

To my diuining thoughtes, thou prettie boy,
Shalt proue this Couutries bliſſe,
Thy head is made to weare a princely Crowne,
Thy lookes are all repleat with Maieſtie:
Make much of him my Lordes, for this is he,
Shal helpe you more, then you are hurt by me.

Enter one with a letter to VVarwicke.

War. What counſell Lords? *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With haſtie *Germaines* and blunt *Hollanders*,
Is paſt in ſafetie through the narrow ſeas,
And with his troopes do martch amaine towards London,
And many giddie people follow him.
Oxf. Tis beſt to looke to this betimes,
For if this fire doe kindle any further,
It will be hard for vs to quench it out.
VVar. In *Warwicke* ſhire I haue true harted friendes,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,
Them will I muſter vp, and thou ſonne *Clarence* ſhalt
In Eſſex, Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,
Stirre vp the Knights and Gentlemen to come with thee,
And thou brother *Montague*, in Leiſter ſhire,
Buckingham and Northampton ſhire ſhalt finde,
Men well inclinde to doo what thou commaunds,
And thou braue *Oxford* wondrous well belou'd,
Shalt in thy countries muſter vp thy friends.
My ſoueraigne with his louing Citizens,
Shall reſt in London till we come to him.
Faire Lordes, take leaue and ſtand not to replie:
Farewell my Soueraigne.
King. Farewell my *Hector*, my *Troyes* true hope.
VVar. Farewell ſweete Lordes, lets meete at Couentrie.
All. Agreed. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Edward and his traine.
Ed. Seaſe on the ſhamefaſt *Henrie*,
And once againe conuay him to the Tower,

Away with him, I will not heare him speake.
And now towards Couentrie lets bend our course,
To meet with *Warwicke*, and his confederates.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter VVarwicke on the Walles.

VVar. Where is the post that came from valient *Oxford?*
How far hence is thy Lord, my honest fellowe?
Ox. Post. By this at *Daintrie*, marching hitherward.
War. Where is our brother *Montague?*
Where is the post that came from *Montague?*
Post. I left him at *Donsmore*, with his troopes.
VVar. Say *Sommersfield*, where is my loueing sonne?
And by thy guesse, how farre is *Clarence* hence?
Som. At *Southam* my Lord, I left him with his force,
And do expect him two howers hence.
War. Then Oxford is at hand, I heare his drum.

Enter Edward, and his power.

Glo. See Brother where the surly *Warwicke* mans the wall.
War. Oh vnbid spight: is spottull *Edward* come?
Where slept our scoutes? or how are they seduc'd?
That we could haue no newes of their repaire?
Ed. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou be sorie for thy faultes,
And call *Edward* King, and he will pardon thee?
War. Nay rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe,
Confesse who set thee vp, and puld thee downe:
Call *VVarwicke* patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of *Yorke*.
Glo. I had thought at least he would haue said the King,
Or did he make the least against his will?
War. T was *VVarwicke*, gaue the kingdome to thy brother.
Ed. Why then tis mine, if but by *VVarwickes* guift.
VVar. I but thou art no *Atlas* for so great a waight,
And weakling *VVarwicke* takes his guift againe,
Henrie is my king: *VVarwicke* his subiect.
Ed. I prethee gallant *VVarwicke* tell me this,
What is the bodie, when the head is off?

Glo. Alas that *VVarwicke* had no more foresight,
But while he sought to steale the single ten,
The king was finely fingred from the decke:
You left poore *Henrie* in the Bishops pallace,
And ten to one youle meet him in the Tower.
Ed. T is euen so, and yet you are ould *VVarwicke* still,
War. O cheerfull collours: see where *Oxford* comes?

Enter Oxford with drum and souldiers, and all crie Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster. *Exeunt.*

Ed. The gates are open, see, they enter in,
Lets follow them, and bid them battaile in the streetes.
Glo. No, so some other might set vpon our backes,
Wee'l stay till all be entred, and then follow them.

Enter Somerset with drum and souldiers.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for *Lancaster.* *Exeunt.*
Glo. Two of thy name both Dukes of Somerset,
Haue sould their liues vnto the house of Yorke,
And thou shalt be the third, and my sword hold.

Enter Montague, with drum and souldiers,

Mon. Montague, Montague, for *Lancaster.* *Exeunt.*
Ed. Traiterous *Montague*, thou and thy brother,
Shall deerlie abie this rebellious acte.

Enter Clarence, with drum and souldiers,

VVar. And loe where *George of Clarence*, sweepes along,
Of power enough to bid his brother battaile.
Cla. Clarence, Clarence, for *Lancaster.* *Exeunt.*
Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab *Cæsar* too?
A parlie sirrah to *George of Clarence.*

Sound a Parlie, and Richard and Clarence whispers together, and then Clarence takes his red Rose out of his Hat and throwes it at Warwicke.

War. Come *Clarence*, come, thou wilt if *VVarwicke* call.
Cla. Father of *Warwicke*, know you what this meanes?
I throw mine infamie at thee,

I wil not ruinate my fathers house,
Who gaue his bloud to lime the stones together:
And set vp *Lancaster*. Thinkest thou
That *Clarence* is so harsh vnnaturall,
To lift his sword against his brothers life?
And so proud hearted *Warwicke* I defie thee,
And to my brothers turne my blushing cheekes:
Pardon me *Edward*, for I haue done amisse,
And *Richard*, do not frowne vpon me,
For hence forth I will proue no more vnconstant.
Ed. Welcome *Clarence*, and ten times more welcome,
Then if thou neuer hadst deserued our hate.
Glo. Welcome good *Clarence*, this is brotherly.
War. Oh passing traitour, periurde, and vniust.
Ed. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou leaue the Towne & fight?
Or shall we beate the stones about thine eares?
War. Why, I am not coopt vp heere for defence,
I will away to *Barnet* presently,
And bid thee battaile *Edward*, if thou darest.
Ed. Yes *Warwicke*, he dares, and leades the way,
Lords to the field, saint *George* and victorie.

Exeunt Omnes.

Alarmes, and then enter Warwicke, wounded.

War. Ah who is nie? Come to me friend, or foe,
And tell me who is victor, *Yorke*, or *VVarwicke*?
Why aske I that? my mangled bodie shewes,
That I must yeeld my bodie to the earth,
And by my fall the conquest to my foes:
Thus yeeldes the Cedar to the axes edge,
Whose armes gaue shelter to the princely Eagle,
Vnder whose shade the ramping Lion slept,
Whose top braunch ouerpeer'd *Ioues* spreading tree:
The wrinckles in my browes, now fild with bloud,
Were likened oft to Kingly sepulchers,
For who liu'd King but I could dig his graue?
And who durst smile, when *Warwicke* bent his brow?

Lo

Loe now my glorie smeerd in dust and bloud,
My parkes, my walkes, my mannours that I had,
Euen now forsake me, and of all my lands
Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.

Enter Oxford, and Sommerset.

Ox. Ah *Warwicke*, *VVarwicke*, cheere vp thy selfe and liue,
For yet theres hope enough to win the day,
Our warlike *Queene* with troopes is come from *Fraunce*,
And at *South-hampton* landed all her traine,
And mightest thou liue, then would we neuer flie.
VVar. Why, then I would not flie, nor haue I now,
But *Hercules* himselfe must yeeld to ods,
For many woundes receiu'd and many moe repaide,
Hath robd my strong knit sinewes of their strength,
And spite of spites needes must I yeeld to death.
Som. Thy brother *Montague* hath breathd his last,
And at the pangs of death I heard him crie,
And saie, commend me to my valient brother,
And more he would haue saide, and more he saide,
Which founded like a clamour in a vaulte,
That could not bedistinguisht for the sounde,
And so the valiant *Montague* gaue vp the ghost.
VVar. What is pompe, rule, raigne, but earth and dust?
And liue we how we can, yet die we must.
Sweet rest his soule, flie Lords, and saue your selues,
For *VVarwicke* bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen.

He dies.

Oxf. Come noble *Summerset*, lets take our Horse,
And cause retraite be sounded through the Campe,
That all our friendes that yet remaine aliue,
May be awarn'd, and saue them selues by flight.
That done, with them weele post vnto the Queene,
And once more trie our fortune in the fielde.

Exambe.

Enter Edward, Clarence, and Glofter, with souldiers.

Ed. Thus still our fortune giues vs victorie,
And girts our temples With trimphant ioyes.

The

The bigboond *Warwicke* hath breathde his laſt,
And heauen this day hath ſmilde vpon vs all,
But in this cleere and bright ſome day,
I ſee a blacke ſuſpitious cloude appeare
That will encounter with our glorious ſunne
Before he gaine his eaſefull weſterne beames,
I meane thoſe powers which the Queene hath got in *Fraunce*,
Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.
Glo. *Oxford* and *Sommerſet* are fled to her,
And tis likelie if ſhe haue time to breath,
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.
Ed. We are aduertiſde by our louiug friends,
That they do holde their courſe towardes Tewxburie:
Thither will we, for willingneſſe rids way,
And in euerie countie as we paſſe along,
Our ſtrengthes ſhall be augmented. Come, lets goe;
For if we ſlacke this faire bright Summers daie,
Sharpe Winters ſhowers will marre our hope for haie.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Queene, Prince Edward, Oxford, & Sommerſet, with Drumme & Souldiers.

Quee. Welcome to England, my loning friends of France,
And welcome *Sommerſet* and *Oxford* too.
Once more haue we ſpread our Sailes abroad:
And though our tackling be almoſt conſumde,
And *Warwicke* as our maine-Maſt ouerthrowne,
Yet warlike Lordes, raiſe you that ſturdie poſt,
That beares the ſailes to bring vs vnto reſt.
And *Ned* and I as willing Pilots ſhould
For once with carefull mindes guide on the ſterne,
To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe,
That heretofore hath ſwallowed vp our friendes.
Prince. And if there be, as God forbid there ſhould,
Amongſt vs a timerous or fearefull man,
Let him depart before the Battaile ioyne,
Leaſt he in time of need intiſe another,
And ſo withdraw the Souldiers harts from vs.

I will

I will not ſtand aloofe and bid you fight,
But with my ſword preſſe in the thickeſt throngs,
And ſingle *Edward* from his ſtrongeſt guarde:
And hand to hand, enforce him for to yeelde,
Or leaue my bodie as witneſſe of my thoughtes.
Ox. Women and Children of ſo high reſolue?
And warriours faint, why twere perpetuall ſhame:
Oh braue young prince, thy noble Grandfather
Doth liue againe in thee: long mayeſt thou liue,
To beare his Image, and to renew his glories.
Som. And he that turnes and flies when ſuch do fight,
Let him to bed, and like the Owle by day,
Be hiſt and wondred at, if he ariſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lords, Duke *Edward* with a mightie power.
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you:
Ox. I thought it was his pollicie to take vs vnprouided,
but heere will we ſtand, and fight it to the death.

Enter king Edward, Cla. Glo. Haſt. and ſouldiers.

Ed. See brothers, yonder ſtands the thornie wood,
Which by gods aſſiſtance and your proweſſe,
Shall with our ſwordes ere night, be cleane cut downe.
Quee. Lords, Knightes, and Gentlemen, what I ſhould ſay,
My teares gainſay: for as you ſee, I drinke
The water of mine eies. Then no more but this,
Henrie your king is priſoner in the Tower,
His land and all our friends are quite diſtreſt,
And yonder ſtands the Wolfe that makes all this.
Then on Gods name, Lords together crie, Saint *George*.
All. Saint *George* for *Lancaſter*.

Alarmes to the Battaile, Yorke flies, then the Chambers be diſcharged. Then enter the King, Cla. Glo. and the reſt, and make a great ſhout, and crie; For Yorke, for Yorke: and then the Queene is taken, the Prince, Oxford, and Sum. & then ſound & enter all againe.

Ed. Lo heere a period of tumultuous broiles,
Away with *Oxford*, to *Hames* Caſtle ſtraight,
For *Summerſet*, off with his guiltie head:
Away, I will not heare them ſpeake.
Ox. For my part Ile not trouble thee with wordes.
Exit Ox'ord.
Som. Nor I, but ſtoope with patience to my death.
Exit Sommerſet
Ed Now *Eaward*, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
For ſtirring vy my ſubiects to rebellion?
Prince. Speake like a ſubiect, proud ambitious *Yorke*,
Suppoſe that I am now my fathers mouth,
Reſigne thy chaire: and where I ſtand, kneele thou,
Whileſt I propoſe the ſelfe ſame woords to thee,
Which traiuour thou wouldſt haue me anſware to.
Quee. Oh that thy father had bin ſo reſolu'd.
Glo. That you might ſtill haue kept your petticoate,
And nere haue ſtolne the breech from *Lancaſter*.
Prince. Let *Æſop* fable in a winters night,
His currifh Riddles ſorres uot with this place.
Glo. By heauen, brat Ile plague you for that word.
Quee. I, thou waſt borne to be a plague to men.
Glo. For Gods ſake take away this captiue ſcold.
Prince. Nay take away this ſcolding Crooktbacke rather.
Ed. Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue.
Cla. Vntutered Lad, thou art to malapert.
Prince. I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull,
Laſciuious *Edward*, and thou periur'd *George*,
And thou miſhapen *Dick*, I tell you all,
I am your better, traitours as you be.
Ed. Take that, the lightnes of this rayler heere.
Quee. Oh kill me too.
Glo. Marrie and ſhall. (die.
Ed Hold *Richard*, hold, for we haue done to much alrea
Glo. Why ſhould ſhe liue to fill the worlde with words.
Ed. What doth ſhe ſwound? make meanes for her recoue-
Glo. *Clarence*, excuſe me to the King my brother, (rie.
I muſt to London, on a ſerious matter,
Ere

Ere you come there, you ſhall heare more newes.
Cla. About what, prethee tell me?
Glo. The Tower man, the Tower, Ile roote them out.
Exit Gloſter.

Queene. Ah *Ned*, ſpeake to thy Mother boy,
Ah thou canſt not ſpeake,
Traitours, Tyrants, blouddie Homicides:
They that ſtabd *Cæſar* ſhed no bloud at all,
For he was a man, this in reſpect a childe;
And men nere ſpend their furie on a childe;
Whats worſe then tirant, that I may name?
You haue no children Deuells, if you had,
The thought of them, would then haue ſtopt your rage:
But if you euer hope to haue a ſonne,
Looke in his youth to haue him ſo cut off,
As traitours you haue done this ſweet young Prince.
Ed. Away, and beare her hence,
Quee. Nay, nere beare me hence, diſpatch me here,
Heere ſheath thy ſword, Ile pardon thee my death.
Wilt thou not?
Then *Clarence*, do thou do it,
Cla. By heauen I would not do thee ſo much eaſe.
Quee. Good *Clarence* do, ſweet *Clarence* kill me too.
Cla. Didſt not thou heare me ſweare I would not do it?
Quee. I, but thou vſeſt to forſweare thy ſelfe,
Twas ſinne before, but now tis charitie.
Wheres the Diuells butcher? hard fauourd *Rechard*,
Richard where art thou?
He is not heere, Murder is his almes deed,
Petitioners for bloud, he nere put backe.
Ed. Away I ſaie, and take her hence per force.
Quee. So come to you and yours, as to this prince.
Exit.

Edw. *Clarence*, whithers *Gloſter* gone?
Cla. Marrie my Lord to London, as I geſſe,
To make a bloudie ſu pper in the Tower.
Ed. He is ſuddaine, if a thing come in his head.
Well, diſcharge the common Soul diers with pay,

And

And thankes, and now let vs towardes London,
To see our gentle Queene how she poth fare,
For by this (I hope) she hath a Sonne for vs.

Exeunt Omnes.

*Enter Glo*ter to King Henrie in the Tower.*

Glo. Good day my Lord. What at your Booke so hard?
Hen. I my good Lord. Lord I should say, rather;
'Tis sinne to flatter, good was little better,
Good *Glo*ter*, and good Diuell, were all alike.
What scene of Death hath *Rosius* now to act?
Glo. Suspition alwayes hauntes a guiltie minde.
Hen. The birde once limde, doth feare the fatall bush,
And I the hapless maile to one poore birde,
Haue now the fatall obiect in mine eye,
Where my poore young was limde, was caught and kilde.
Glo. Why what a foole was that of *Creete?*
That taught his sonne the office of a Birde,
And yet for all that, the poore Fowle was drowne.
Hen. I *Dedalus*, my poore sonne *Icarus*,
Thy father *Minos*, that denide our course,
Thy brother *Ealward*, the Sunne that fearde his winges,
And thou the enuious Gulfe that swallowed him.
Oh better can my brest abide thy daggers poynt,
Then can mine eares that tragike historie.
Glo. Why, dost thou thinke I am an executioner?
Hen. A persecuter I am sure thou art:
And if murdering Innocentes be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy sonne I kilde for his presumption.
Hen. Hadst thou bin kilde when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liude to kill a sonne of mine:
And thus I prophesie of thee;
That many a Widdow for her Husbands death,
And many an Infants water standing eye,
Widdowes for their husbandes, children for their fathers,
Shall curse the time that euer thou wert borne.
The Owle shrikt at thy birth; an euill signe,

The

The night-Crow cride, aboding luckles tune.
Dogges houlde, and hidious tempestes shooke downe trees,
The Rauen rookt her on the Chimnies top,
And chattering Pies in dismall discord sung,
Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine,
And yet brought foorth lesse then a mothers hope:
To wit, an vndigest created lumpe,
Not like the fruite of such a goodly tree;
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast borne,
To signifie thou camst to bite the worlde:
And if the rest be true that I haue heard,
Thou camst into the world *He stabs him.*
Glo. Die Prophet in thy speach, Ile heare no more,
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordainde.
Hen. I and for much more slaughter after this.
O God forgiue my sinnes, and pardon thee. *He dies.*
Glo. What? will the aspyring blood of *Lancaster*
Sinke into the ground? I had thought it would haue mounted
See how my sword weepes for the poore Kings death,
Now may such purple teares be alwayes shed,
For such as seeke the downefall of our house,
If any sparke of life remaine in thee,
Stabbe him againe.
Downe, downe to hell, and say I sent thee thither.
I that haue neither pittie, loue, nor feare:
Indeed twas true that *Henrie* tolde me of,
For I haue often heard my mother say,
That I came into the worlde with my legges forward:
And had I not reason thinke you to make haste,
And seeke their ruines that vsurpt our rights?
The women wept, and the Midwife cride,
O Iesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth.
And so I was indeed: which plainely signifide,
That I should snarle and bite, and play the dogge.
Then since Heauen hath made my body so,
Let Hell make crookt my minde, to answere it.
I had no father; I am like no father.
I haue no brother; I am like no brothers.

And

And this word *Loue*, which graybeardes tearme diuine.
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am my selfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keptst me from the light:
But I will sort a pitchie day for thee.
For I will buz abroad such prophesies,
As *Edward* shall be fearefull of his life:
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
Henrie and his sonne are gone, thou *Clarence* next,
And by one and one, I will dispatch the rest,
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.
Ile dragge thy body in another roome,
And triumph *Henry* in thy day of doome.

Exit.

Enter King Edward, Queene Elizabeth, and a Nurse with the young Prince, and Clarence, and Hastinges, and others.

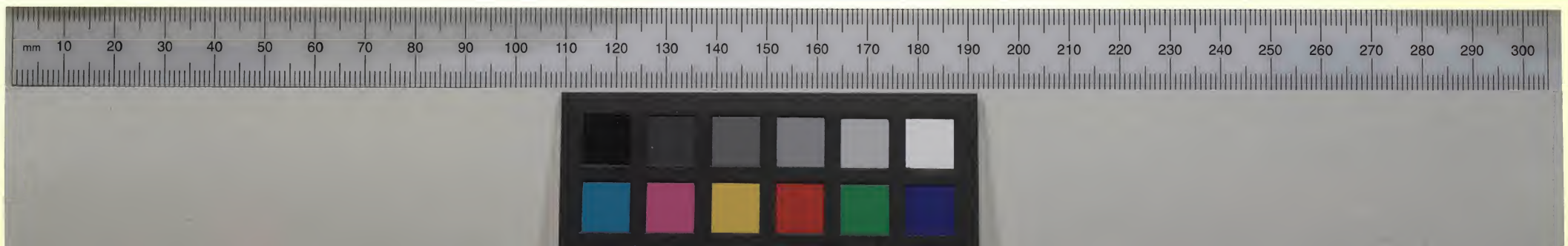
Edw. Once more we sit in Englandes royall throne,
Repurchasde with the blood of enemies,
What valiant foe-men like to *Autumes* corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of *Summerset*, three folde renowmd,
For hardie and vndoubted champions.
Two *Cliffords*, as the father and the sonne:
And two *Northumberlands*: two brauer men
Nere spurd their coursers at the trumpets sound.
Wth them the two rough Beares, *Warwicke* & *Montague*.
That in their chaines fettered the kingly Lion,
And made the forrest tremble w'en they roard:
Thus haue we swept suspition from our seate,
And made our footestoole of securitie.
Come hither *Besse*, and let me kisse my Boy,
Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Vncles and my selfe,
Haue in our Armours watcht the Winters night,
Martcht all a foote in Summers scalding heat,

That

That thou mightst repossesse the crowne in peace,
And of our labours thou shalt reape the gaine.
Glo. Ile blast his haruest and your head were layde,
For yet I am not lookt on in the worlde.
This Shoulder was ordainde so thicke, to heaue,
And heaue it shall some waight, or breake my backe:
Worke thou the way, and thou shalt execute.
Edw. Clarence, and *Glo'ster*, loue my louely Queene,
And kisse your Princely Nephew, brothers both.
Cla. The duetie that I owe vnto your Maiestie,
I seale vpon the rosiate lippes of this sweete Babe.
Queen. Thankes noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thankes.
Glo. And that I loue the fruite from whence thou sprangst,
Witnesse the louing kisse I giue the childe.
To say the trueth, so *Iudas* kist his Maister:
And so he cride, All haile; and meant all harme.
Edward. Now am I seated as my soule delightes,
Hauing my Countries peace, and brothers loues.
Cla. What will your Grace haue done with *Margaret*?
Ranard her father to the king of *Fraunce*,
Hath paund the *Cyssels* and *Ierusalem*,
And hither haue they sent it for her ransome.
Edw. Away with her, and wast her hence to *Fraunce*.
And now what restes, but that we spend the time,
With stately triumphes, and mirthfull comicke shewes,
Such as befits the pleasures of the Court,
Sound Drummes and Trumpets: farewell to sower annoy,
For here I hope, begins our lasting ioy.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.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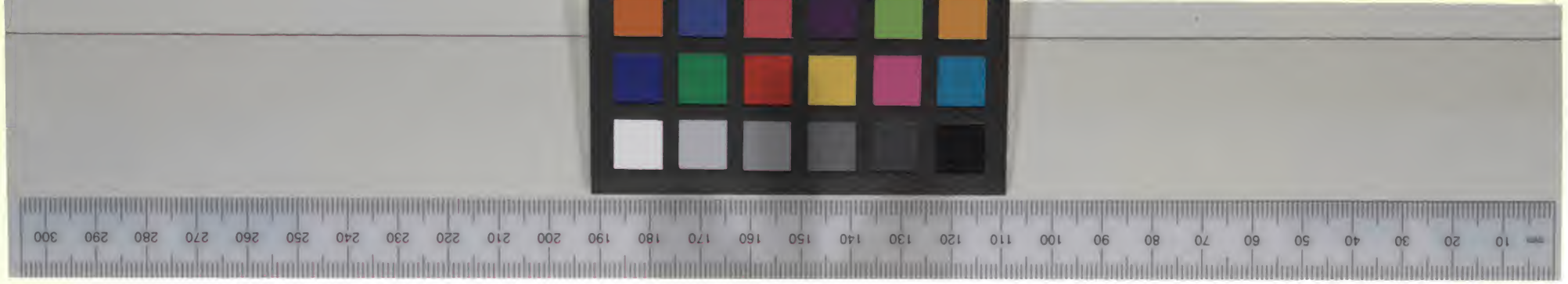
SHAKSPERE'S TRAGEDIE OF RICHARDE DUKE OF YORKE. LOND. 1600.